HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XI.—No. 523.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

HENRY C. CAREY.

HENRY C. CAREY, of Philadelphia, is the best known as well as the ablest of American Political Economists. It is scarcely right thus locally to distinguish him, seeing that several of his works have been republished in England, and translated into the French, German, Italian, and Swedish languages. He is the son of MATHEW CAREY, who had been compelled to leave his native Ireland, on account of the too free expression of liberal opinions, soon after the independence of the Irish Parliament had been conceded. The elder CAREY, landing in Philadelphia in November, 1784, established a newspaper there in the following January, and was induced by its success, as well as his own aspiring talent, to publish a monthly magazine, which was highly eulogized by WASHINGTON. In time the selling, printing, and writing of books was added to the labor of editing; and thus was founded the great publishing house of CAREY & SON, which had been conducted by MATHEW CAREY alone during 28 years previous to 1814, and was long at the head of the book-trade in America.

In this firm HENRY C. CAREY, born at Philadelphia in 1793, was admitted junior partner at the age of 21. He received the average education of the period, was pert to help his father in business at an unusually early age, is largely self-taught, and, though devoted to *belles lettres* and the severer studies of philosophy, has ever been a practical, hard-working man, with enlarged views and untiring energy. He it was who established, over forty years ago, the Trade Book Sales, which have been found so advantageous for vendors and purchasers. His father retired in 1821, and he himself withdrew from trade in 1838, resolved to devote himself to authorship, into which he had already entered with an "Essay on the Rate of Wages," published in 1835, in which he naturally appeared as inheriting the enlarged and liberal views of his father, who was one of the earliest political economists and statesmen of this New World.

Two years later Mr. CAREY was, by its great success, induced to expand it, and hence was developed his "Principles of Political Economy," in three volumes octavo (1837 and '40), decidedly and rationally anti-Malthusian; and, it is scarcely too much to say, the most intelligent of its class ever published.

The mere enumeration of the various productions of Mr. CAREY'S inquiring, observing, and reasoning mind, would occupy more space than we can here spare. The best list, as far as it goes, is to be found in the memoir of Mr. CAREY, by M. A. LEGOYT (1854), in the 8th volume of Didot's "Nouvelle Biographie Universelle." We must name, however, as works, the importance of which has been acknowledged by critics as well as by the public abroad and at home, "The Credit System in France, Great Britain, and the United States," in 1838; "The Past, the Present, and the Future," in 1848; "The Harmony of Interests," in 1851; "The Slave-Trade," a storehouse of facts and arguments, in 1853; various treatises on Currency, Protection, and International Copyright; and, what must be considered his *chef-d'ouvre*, "Principles of Social Science" (1858–60, in three octavo volumes). By this latter work, now naturalized, by translation, in various foreign countries, Mr. CAREY is best known. In 1865 it was introduced as a text-book into the University of Pennsylvania, but had previously been translated into German, and adopted for a like purpose at the University of Berlin. Indeed Mr. CAREY'S writings have been greatly acceptable to the great German mind—which observes, reflects, investigates, analyzes, and casts aside as unproved mere assertion, however plausible. At no time did the theories of MALTHUS and RICARDO find favor in Germany; and these, as well as the dogmatic blunders and inconsistencies of M'CULLOCH, have been laid bare by MR. CAREY, who is the champion of labor rather than of capital. Abridgments as well as translations of his works have been liberally made in Germany, where his condensed and reasoning style has latterly found imitators—by the law of contrast, the philosophical writers there having previously indulged in verbosity.

Mr. CAREY is the possessor of a fine gallery of pictures, chiefly of the English school, including some of the best works of his brother-in-law, the late C. R. LESLIE. He is loved and esteemed in his native city, where he continues to reside, and whose interests he has largely advanced—not only by his pen, but, on suitable occasions, by a characteristic eloquence at once spontaneous and expressive, energetic and logical. Mr. CAREY is the ablest advocate of Protection, on the claims of home industry, in Philadelphia—we might say in the United States. He has traveled extensively and observingly in most European countries, and their languages are almost as familiar to him as his own. He showed himself eminently loyal and patriotic in the recent great struggle for the preservation of the Union.

HENRY C. CAREY.

"THE EMPTY STOCKING."

THE beautiful full-page engraving on page 9, from a drawing by W. S. L. JEWETT, tells its own pathetic story forcibly enough—as do all the characteristic sketches of this artist. Still we can not but draw attention for a moment to the suggestions forced upon us by the story itself. These point to the shady side of our holiday festivities, which is a side we do not willingly contemplate—not necessarily because we are so selfish, but because the picture is so sad, and, even in spite of any possible relief which it may be in our power to give, still remains so sad as to mar not our pleasures alone, but also our peace of mind. The shadow of human poverty resting upon so many hearths, if it could be seen by us in all of its reality, would be sufficiently gigantic to crowd out the sunlight from our happiest homes: unless, indeed, we can resort to that cold and hard philosophy which allows of an intenser joy in us, just because this joy is measured against the sharp distress of others. Therefore it is that we so naturally turn from the shadows and the cold without us to the light and comfort of happy homes. We want to see the full stockings which represent the overflow of love and kindness and generous wealth, and are apt to turn away from those little empty stockings, because they tell us such long, sorrowful stories about poor little children with many wants, and about pale-faced mothers, whose love for their little ones can find no outlets in the shape of holiday toys, "goodies," and fairy books with exquisite pictures.

"The poor ye have always with you," says CHRIST. Our readers, therefore, will forgive us for asking them to look upon a picture such as Mr. JEWETT has drawn of the poor mother, the poor child, and "the empty stocking." Let us at least try to meet the poverty which daily meets *us*: bringing warmth to the cold hearths which we know of, and shoes to the little naked feet which stand pleadingly in our way!

Bound Volumes of Harper's Weekly.

NUMBER 522 completed the Tenth Volume of *Harper's Weekly*. This has been a volume unusually replete with interest. The illustrations, both in number and variety, have surpassed those of any illustrated periodical. Our readers need not be reminded that the year now closing has been a period of great moment in the world's history. The European Continent has passed through the most significant revolution of the last fifty years, out of which a great Protestant Power has come which rivals even the Second French Empire. At home, to the period of bloody civil war there has succeeded a no less critical period of reconstruction. The events of this important year, both Domestic and Foreign, have been illustrated in the *Weekly*, and have been continually the subject of editorial comment. Every number of the *Weekly* is electrotyped, and the ten volumes now completed may be obtained at $7 per volume. The contents of these volumes comprise, besides illustrations of all interesting current events and portraits of prominent personages, an amount of general literature—representing the best productions of the last decade—which is alone worth the price of the whole series.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1867.

THE WAY OF THE PEOPLE.

IN this country, at least, the poet's adjuration to the bells of the New Year, to "ring out the false, ring in the true!" is not without its practical answer. And as the Christmas holidays come again, it is pleasant to reflect how surely we may count upon a national policy founded more and more upon the fundamental truth of human brotherhood, which was the great doctrine of the Great Teacher. The most signal public revelation of the closing year is that of the character of the people, and the steady popular fidelity to the true spirit of the Government.

All the patience, moderation, sagacity, and tenacity they showed in the conduct of the war reappear in the settlement of the question of restoration. The war sprang from a conflict between the principle of equal rights and the system of slavery. But its form was a struggle for the Union. Everybody knew, and nobody better than President LINCOLN, that slavery was the strength and the purpose of the rebellion; but nobody better than he understood the nature and the ways of the people. As late as the second summer of the war he wrote to Mr. GREELEY that he should save the Union with or without slavery. When the preparatory proclamation of emancipation came, it was issued as a war measure, and a great many who thought themselves wiser than the President, deprecated it as premature. When the great work was done in the final proclamation, although the tone of that paper is of the truest solemnity, it was as free from rhetoric as an order of the day. The President's successive expressions upon the subject marked the gradual growth of the national disposition. The country began the war with a mildness and moderation which seem almost ludicrous. It ended it with an unconditional victory, and the utter overthrow of slavery.

It is the same in the process of restoration. When the final surrender took place, the victorious people, who cherished no thought of vengeance, and who only feared when LINCOLN fell that his successor would be too relentlessly severe, looked for an honest acquiescence in the inevitable results of the war—those results to be interpreted not by the vanquished but the victors, but interpreted humanely and with Christian intelligence. Thwarted and pained by the conduct of the President, who rapidly subordinated the great question of wise restoration to the prosecution of a political intrigue, the people expected of Congress a firm but moderate policy, which, with as little disturbance as possible of old traditions and theories, should yet secure the actual results of the war. Like the action of President LINCOLN, that of the Congress elected with him was patient and firm, but in no sense sudden or extravagant. As he often seemed too deliberate and gentle, so Congress was by some ardent souls reviled and satirized for inefficiency; and as there were times when Mr. LINCOLN seemed hardly to have a party, so the policy suggested by Congress was at first heartily supported nowhere. But its real sagacity gradually became apparent, and when the Report of the Committee, written, it is understood, by Senator FESSENDEN, was thoroughly read, discussed, and digested by the country, and its facts and principles and reasoning amply and variously set forth during the last canvass, the country found its real feeling and purpose adequately expressed.

That purpose undoubtedly was, and is, to secure the result of the war with as little shock of any kind as possible, but to secure it, shock or no shock. More than a year ago we ventured to remark that, under whatever careful reservations and concessions to familiar theories the work might be done, there could be practically no question of the authority of the National Government to do whatever the public safety might require, which was in itself just and wise, and in the true spirit of the Constitution. The New York *Times* differed, and insisted that the public safety was a very vague and perilous phrase. It certainly often is vague, and, like every necessary principle, it may be often perverted. But in so utterly an abnormal situation, for which the organic law did not and could not expressly provide, there was no other point of departure. This was immediately proved by the action of the President. Either the National Government had no power whatever in the matter, as Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS and the Copperhead party contended, or it had all the power necessary to secure its own safety. And we now read with pleasure in the *Times* this sentence: "For it is plain that all attempts to bring States like South Carolina to reason are futile, and that the only available method of terminating the existing condition of affairs is to determine what the Republic needs, and to push it through, without pausing to consult rebel dignity."

When the *Times* says this, it may be assumed that there is no considerable body of loyal citizens who have any doubt upon the subject. The popular purpose has been always the same. But it is the habit of the American people to try to reach results as quietly as possible. When the first step is found useless the second is taken, and then the third, and as many as are necessary to the end in view. Thus those who wished to give the first step a fair trial were not opposed to the second when its necessity became obvious; but they felt that it was wiser to try the first, in order that there might be no doubt as to the necessity and propriety of the next. Thus there is no doubt that, after the deliberate rejection of the Amendment by the late rebel States, which is now rapidly taking place, the loyal people of the country, whose purpose is unrelaxed, are just as ready for the reorganization contemplated by Congress as they were for reorganization under the Amendment.

THE MEXICAN MUDDLE.

WHEN we asked, a few weeks since, the probable scope of Lieutenant-General SHERMAN'S mission to Mexico, it seemed quite evident that MAXIMILIAN was about to leave that country. But he has issued a queer manifesto from Orizaba, in which he tells the Mexicans that he has been placed in charge of their countrymen, although he forgets to state by whom, and invites all political parties to a congress to determine whether the Empire shall continue. This manifesto follows the arrival of MIRAMON, the leader of the Church party, which is doubtless its inspiration. Meanwhile Marshal BAZAINE, the acting regent, is reported to have forbidden the French troops to take any further part in Mexican affairs, and invites General SHERMAN to the city of Mexico; while the General and Mr. Minister CAMPBELL were, at the last accounts, floating about in the *Susquehanna*, and will probably return to Washington.

In the midst of this muddle Mr. HARDING, of Illinois, suddenly moves that the House of Representatives resolve to vindicate "the time-honored policy of this republic against foreign armed intervention," and applauds "the tone of the national voice in reference to the Republic of Mexico." Nothing could be more comical. The resolution was adopted just at the moment when foreign armed intervention had ceased; and the House, instead of reminding Mr. HARDING of that fact, goaded by the disturbing spectre of the Monroe Doctrine, passed the resolution without debate.

Now the Mexican question has become a very simple question if, as there seems no reason to doubt, the French have ceased to take part in military operations. Our Government was satisfied with LOUIS NAPOLEON'S project of withdrawing in three divisions at three different times. We think, under the circumstances, it ought to be satisfied with his withdrawal of the whole force at once, even if the date be later than that originally named for the first movement. By the French inaction the question becomes purely Mexican. It is a revival of the old quarrel between the reactionary Church party led by MIRAMON, and the Liberals headed by JUAREZ. There will, of course, be other parties, for there always are, and civil strife, as there has been for a generation. That MAXIMILIAN is a decoy of MIRAMON'S may be assumed. But if LOUIS NAPOLEON does not assist him, we can not quarrel with a Mexican party for choosing an Austrian head. Unless we propose to keep the internal peace of our neighbors we can not honorably interfere with arms in Mexican politics, for we were ready to go to war with France for doing the very same thing.

The principles of action announced by the Secretary of State in the long correspondence upon this subject are the true principles of this Government. We do not pretend, he said, to mingle in Mexican debates; we respect the action of that nation when it is free; but when it is coerced, our situation and circumstances give us the right to call the coercing power to account. That is precisely what we have done. The coercing power proposes to withdraw. Why should we now begin to intervene in Mexico?

THE AMENDMENT ESSENTIAL.

THERE seems to be an impression that the various propositions offered in Congress for the restoration of the States lately in rebellion are intended to dispense with the Constitutional Amendment now pending, and that if any one of them should be adopted there would be no further use of the Amendment. But this is a total misapprehension. The provisions of the Amendment are permanent necessities of the Union. They were offered to the unrestored States for adoption, and their adoption by those States would have been satisfactory evidence to Congress of a disposition which would have justified it in confirming the steps already taken for restoration. The refusal of those States to ratify the Amendment does not change its character or necessity; it merely shows that some other means must be taken to secure the ratification, in order that the Amendment may become part of the organic law.

The Amendment in itself is the result of long and prudent deliberation upon the situation, to determine what changes in the Constitution the war had shown to be essential to the permanence of the nation and the security of the Government. The strict definition of citizens of the United States, the declaration of equality of civil rights among those citizens, the adjustment of the basis of representation consequent upon emancipation, the official ineligibility, at the pleasure of Congress, of all who break an oath of fidelity to the Government in order to bear arms against it, the validity of the public debt of the Union incurred in suppressing a rebellion, and the invalidity of any debt arising from rebellion, are not temporary but permanent provisions. They will be just as necessary hereafter as they are now. Their value does not depend upon any particular system of restoration. They are the ripe fruit of experience.

And these are provisions which can not be safely left merely as laws of Congress, nor intrusted to the legislation of States. The law which one Congress passes another Congress may repeal. The fundamental rights of all the people of the United States can not be safely or wisely left to the passion or party-spirit of any State or section of the Union. A citizen has a right to be equally safe every where in the country, and it is not a supreme and sovereign Government which can not every where within its domain equally defend its citizens. Nothing reveals the character of the dominant sentiment in the unrestored States more plainly than their imperative rejection of the provisions of the Amendment. Whether that rejection be based upon the denial of the right of Congress to propose an amendment in the absence of some of the States, or whether they oppose its provisions upon general grounds, or spurn as dishonorable the ratification of them as conditions of restoration, their action shows a feeling in which it would be extreme folly to confide. Defeated in a sanguinary rebellion which brings every man who took up arms within the penalties of treason, without civil government, and without ability or hope of obtaining it except by the consent of the military power under which they lie conquered, the Assemblies, which represent that part of the people which the conquering power allowed to vote, disdainfully reject, as the terms of the restoration of their States to their functions in the Union, conditions of unquestionable justice and prudence and mildness, conditions which guard their future in common with that of the whole Union.

Fortunately the power which proposed those conditions can secure their acceptance. The whole loyal country acknowledged their moderation and wisdom, and that country hoped that the boon of restoration would induce the late rebel States to ratify an amendment so wise and just in itself. It would be hard, indeed, to answer the logic which shows that the assent of those States is not essential to the ratification. But there is doubtless another and a better way to secure the adoption of the Amendment; and unless some change in the situation appears, which is not to be looked for, that other and better way will be followed.

CIVILIZATION IN NEW YORK.

THE city has decided to offer the lower end of the Park to the United States as a site for a Post-office for half a million of dollars, and the Committee of the Legislature have unanimously resolved to report the desirability and practicability of an under-ground railroad from the upper to the lower part of the city. These are two signs of a little relief. New York grows so prodigiously, and is yet bound in such a throttling iron Ring, that the result has become a problem. Mayor HOFFMAN makes a smooth speech upon every occasion about this great and glorious city, and the unspeakable sin of not letting it do just as it pleases. But is the Ring great and glorious, and if it pleases to choke us shall we patiently submit? How long before the Ring would have made any public improvements? How soon would the pleasant party at the City Hall have relieved the city of any thing but its money?

Should the point of the Park be taken by the United States and a fine building erected, that in itself will be a gain. But nothing can compensate to the appearance of the city for the loss of the fine open space at its most crowded point, although, from the narrowness of the island at the foot of the Park, the usual sanitary objections to the destruction of the open space are less weighty. When the building is finished, we hope that there may be also a thorough system of postal communication established in the city. Let us have branch offices, and swift and sure distribution of letters. If the Postmaster-General would give his attention to a vigorous system of this kind, he would become much more famous and popular than from some other efforts of his.

The under-ground railroad, if it is to be built, will be but a partial relief. Yet it will be very welcome. Some months since we gave, in this paper, some admirable illustrations and explanations of the London railroads of this kind. They are there found to be perfectly feasible and profitable; and as we generally improve upon the models which we adopt, we may reasonably expect success and comfort from the railroad. The consequences of such a result are plain. We should have an aerial road, and other underground roads; and these, with the horse-cars, would soon banish omnibuses, except for the accommodation of strictly way-passengers; and even these would vanish at last, for the relief of Broadway would end in a horse-railroad through it.

There is still another improvement which, we hope, will not be long delayed, and that is the foot-bridge over Broadway. When this is once built any where, it will be multiplied by scores. A bridge at Fulton Street would be found so serviceable that it would be followed at many another point upon Broadway, and on the way to the Jersey City ferry. The throng in Greenwich and Washington streets is often greater and more troublesome than that in Broadway. It is astonishing that the city has so long been without so essential a provision of comfort and safety. The pleasure of living in New York would be indescribably increased if we could move about with comparative safety.

ARTFUL DODGING.

WHAT will Mr. GARRETT DAVIS say? What will Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS say? What will RAPHAEL SEMMES, Moral Philosopher, say? The Democratic party in a ward in Boston, Massachusetts, has voted for a colored Common Councilman!

What are we coming to? Is this not a white man's Government? Is this not a world of HAM, ONESIMUS, and peculiar shin-bones? Have we not been carefully taught that colored men were of the Simian family, and not of the Human? Have we not been pathetically and conclusively asked whether we wished to have our daughters marry sable husbands? Have we not been sarcastically entreated to say whether white men had any rights in this country? And now the Southern brethren, who have always insisted that Canaan was cursed and that the colored race was Canaan, and have been most faithfully sustained in that ennobling faith by the Northern Democracy, behold their allies deliberately casting their votes for a colored candidate for municipal honors!

The record of the party forbids the supposition that they supported the candidate honestly. The inferiority of the colored race, and their unfitness for political power, have been the party tests for a dozen years. The speech of Mr. JOHN VAN BUREN at Albany during the election canvass of 1865 is a fair illustration of the speeches of Northern Democratic politicians upon this subject. And now the eyes of the Southern brethren will be opened. They will see that the talk of their Northern allies was talk only. They will discover that their political brethren here do not share the profound conviction as to the "normal and essential inferiority of the negro" which is planted in the heart of the Southern brother. The Northern wing may say indeed, that every State must settle the question for itself, but they have revealed their present view of the capacity of the race. The moral support of the Southern party from the outside is gone the moment the Northern Democracy votes for colored men.

Meanwhile, although such events tend to loosen the bonds between the wings of the Democratic party, and thus to hasten its dissolution, it can not affect the original and consistent party of equal rights. That party has been taunted as hypocritical because its members did not support the colored candidate in question. But the party denounced as Radical advocates the equal rights of colored citizens not because they are negroes, but because they are men. They insist that as all men are born with equal rights they are entitled to equal defenses of those rights; and that while the necessities of human nature impose certain limitations upon the exercise of all rights, those limitations shall be equally distributed. Thus they claim that the limitations of the right of voting shall be strictly just; that they shall be such as every citizen may readily acquire, and shall not be rooted in natural disability of any kind. There is a party in the country which holds that faith by conviction, and their control

of the country is not likely to be disturbed by those who adopt the appearance of that faith as a desperate political dodge.

THE LESSON OF JAMAICA.

The Jamaica question can not be too carefully studied by us at this time in this country. And we can imagine few more valuable books than a clear, brief, and faithful history of that island since the emancipation. The great moral which is taught by that history, in the fragmentary form in which it is accessible, is the practical helplessness of an emancipated, servile class among those who have held them enslaved. Making all fair allowance for the climate, and for laziness, ignorance, dishonesty, and ease of subsistence upon the part of the emancipated class in Jamaica, it will hardly be denied by a student of its condition since 1838 that the chief difficulty of the situation is in the spirit of the old planter or slaveholding class.

The initiative belonged to them. Good sense should have taught them that their true interest lay in acquiescing heartily in emancipation and making the best of it. They were to depend upon a class of laborers perfectly well known to them, but placed in a totally different position in respect of the tenure of labor. Those laborers were now freemen. They were to be treated as freemen. But also they were to be treated as new freemen, as men bewildered in a position to which they were unused. Too much was not to be expected of them. They were first of all to be taught confidence in the late master class. They were to be educated, protected, forborne. The duties and responsibilities thrown by emancipation upon the master class were indisputably very great; but they were to be faithfully fulfilled or the whole island would sink into ruin. Nobody pretends that these duties ever were fulfilled, or that as a class the planters made any serious attempt to accept or even to understand the situation. The apprentice system failed. The negroes were utterly alienated. They took to the bush, and the great estates went to waste. Jamaica has languished, not on account of emancipation, for under Slavery it was steadily and rapidly declining, but from the haughty injustice of the master class.

The Eyre massacres of last year happily aroused the English conscience. The protest was tremendous. The Government were compelled to recall Eyre, and to send out a Commission of Inquiry. Eyre is now in England, where a strong effort will be made to bring him to trial for murder; and Sir Peter B. Grant is the new Governor—a man known for his protection of the natives of Bengal from the hard hand of European masters. In his speech upon assuming the Government Sir Peter points out that there is no practical justice in the Island for negroes in cases of more than ten pounds; and it has been found necessary, for the protection of the blacks, to reorganize a paid magistracy in Jamaica. As a further illustration of the administration of justice there is the case of Gordon Ramsay. He was one of the leaders of the massacres of last year; and the evidence before the Grand Jury showed that when a man named Marshall, who was being flogged by Ramsay's order, either exclaimed, "O Lord!" in the agony of the punishment, or merely groaned, or ground his teeth, Ramsay said that it was sedition, ordered him to be taken down and hung, and he was hung. Three witnesses proved these facts. There was no question of them. But the Grand Jury of Planters refused to find a bill. And these are the things which Carlyle and Tennyson and Ruskin defend as manly, British, heroic, and necessary.

It is the business of statesmanship to deal with human nature, not with abstract theories; and if any argument were wanting to demonstrate the imperative duty of the United States at present to hold the freedmen firmly by the hand, and not to intrust them to those who hate them more than they love their own interest, it may be found in the story of Jamaica.

THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU.

After the President had vetoed the Freedmen's Bureau bill he sent a Commission, composed of Generals Steedman and Fullerton, who, with a proper corps of correspondents to make public their proceedings and to convey such impressions as might be agreeable, went through some of the Southern States. Neither the letters, however, nor the Report of the Generals, excited much attention, because every body knew that the object of the Commission was to discredit the Bureau, and the stories of its uselessness, extravagance, and general mismanagement were, therefore, matters of course. The Commission went to find fault, and fault was found. But it had the good result of drawing from General Howard, the Chief of the Bureau, a full and thorough answer, which has been lately published. It confounds and answers the accusers often from their own reports, and gives an admirable conception of the scope of the work of the Bureau, and of its complete organization.

There are some general observations in General Howard's letter which are valuable, as coming from one who has peculiar facilities for knowing what he is talking about. Thus he disagrees with the Commissioners as to "a complete revolution" of Southern sentiment toward the freedmen, and refers to their own reports of the outrages and murders committed upon the freedmen and the agents of the Bureau. The Commissioners repeat the assertion of the good old slave-driving times, that it is the interest of the whites to treat the colored laborers well. So it is, but many motives are stronger than interest; and General Howard justly says that it is a very poor security without the guarantee of equal laws. It is a truth which goes to the root of the whole situation. The Commissioners declare that, upon the whole, the Bureau has done more harm than good, because the negroes rely upon it and distrust the property-holders, while it encourages a spy system. This the General unreservedly denies. Bad agents, he concedes, as in every other department and business, have worked mischief. He claims that the influence of the Bureau has been mediatorial and pacific; that it has raised wages and defended the freedmen against "the inertia of the peculiar opinion of Southern property-holders;" and the General is of opinion that the evils in the contracts will disappear so soon as free labor has a fair chance under equal laws impartially administered.

General Howard says, in a manly and noble tone, to the President: "Could the Freedmen's Bureau be now administered with your full and hearty sanction," and with the co-operation of the rest of the Government, it would soon fulfill the objects of its creation. "The work committed to it may doubtless be done by the Army, without a Bureau, but not with much less expense. Yet, if the Government would keep good faith with its new-made citizens, some sort of a United States agency must be maintained in the Southern States until society shall have become more settled than it now is."

WEARING FLANNEL.

A reader inquires of us to what extent flannel should be worn? In order to answer this question properly we must consider the office which clothing really performs. Though we speak of some kinds of clothing as being warm, they do not communicate heat to the body, but merely serve to prevent its escape. The heat is all generated in the body itself; and what we call warm clothes are articles that are good non-conductors, so called—that is, articles that do not let heat pass through them so readily as some others do. Fur is one of the best of these, and probably almost entirely from the air which is mingled with or confined between its fibres, confined air being one of the most efficient of non-conductors. Woolen articles come next, and among the best of these is flannel.

If the heat of the body were entirely prevented from escaping it would, by accumulation, reach a much higher degree than it does, for it is all the time being generated. It is by a constant escape that it is maintained, under great variations of external temperature, quite uniformly at about 98 degrees. Now, the colder the atmosphere the greater will be this escape, and therefore the more must it be restrained by non-conducting articles of clothing. The clothing should therefore be varied to correspond to the variations of temperature—a rule recognized by the Chinese, as they speak, in their estimate of the weather, of its being one jacket cold, two jackets cold, etc. This rule can not be fully carried out, but we should approximate to it as well as we can. Temporary changes in the weather should be met by changes in the outer garments; and changes of season, for the most part, by changes in the under-clothing.

Some wear the same clothing the year round, with the exception of over-coats in the winter. This we deem to be a great mistake. The system, under this plan, becomes debilitated by unnecessary suffering from heat in hot weather, and it can not be as well protected from cold in the wintry months as it would be if there were a proper regulation of the clothing. Some wear flannel through the whole year, maintaining that they need it in warm weather to guard them against changes of temperature. We will suppose that they are right in the main, as some of them undoubtedly are; but certainly a much thinner flannel is required to guard against the summer changes than against the severer ones of winter and its long spells of extreme cold. In fact, if woolen under-clothing must be worn throughout the year, it would be well to have three grades—the thinnest for midsummer, the next grade for fall and spring, and the thickest for winter. Most persons do not require more than the two last grades, while some need flannel in winter only, and others still, though they are few, do not need it at all, at least in temperate climates. With some there is so much irritation produced by woolen articles that they can not be borne. In such cases there must be a sufficient amount of other fabrics of less non-conducting power to answer the purpose.

There is great diversity in practice in regard to coverings for the feet. Some wear woolen stockings the year round, others cotton, and others still cotton in summer and woolen in winter. Some can not wear woolen at all because it makes the feet uncomfortably warm in the mild weather of winter, and thus renders them more susceptible of the influence of cold when the weather is severe.

There is no uniform rule in regard to clothing for all persons; but the ability to generate and maintain heat must be regarded in each individual case. This is not possessed by children and the aged to as great a degree as by others, and they need special care in relation to their clothing. There is often great neglect on this point in the case of children in obedience to the dictates of fashion. It is also a very common thing for the aged to have inadequate clothing in the winter, the habits of middle life being prolonged in old age, and the new necessities not being recognized.

It should always be remembered that the object of clothing should be to secure *comfortable warmth*, and if it fail to do this to injury is inflicted upon the health. A great mistake, it is proper to remark here, is often committed in not adapting the clothing to temporary varying conditions. Thus often the same amount of clothing is worn in the warmed church or lecture-room as when the individual goes out into the chill air. Then, too, the same over-coat is often worn in the extreme cold weather as in that which is milder. Another mistake often made is failing to protect one's self against the cold more effectually when riding than when walking, forgetting the fact that there is not as much heat generated when the body is at rest as when it is in action.

Another very common, erroneous practice it will not be amiss to notice here—the wearing of fur close around the neck. If it be worn at all it should be so arranged that its proximity to the neck can be regulated according to the degree of cold. As usually managed it is by no means an uncommon way of taking cold from the too great warmth that it occasions in mild weather.

In justice to that noble animal the horse, we can not forbear to mention a mistaken kindness which we often see shown to him in the management of his clothing. He is driven about in a cold day with a blanket under the harness. If it be needed at all while he is in motion, it should be outside of the harness, with an arrangement for the reins similar to that which we have in the India-rubber coverings. Such a blanket can be kept on the horse in a very cold day if he is to go only short distances, stopping often; but if he is to go any long distance it should be taken off, that he may have the full benefit when he stops, much less heat being generated then than when he is in motion.

LITERARY.

"American Leaves: Familiar Notes of Thought and Life," by Samuel Osgood, just published by Harper & Brothers, is the work of a scholar and clergyman who has previously vindicated his claim to be ranked among the thoughtful and catholic domestic counselors, and friends. Mr. Osgood's experience and shrewd observation of men and manners have furnished ample material from which he has elaborated these genial and sagacious essays. They are upon topics of the time and of all times, and are treated in a healthful, vigorous, and truly instructive way, without being clerical or didactically dry. Those who are looking rather for a perennial than for an annual in these Christmas days, will lay a strong and retentive hand upon these evergreen Leaves.

THE SEASONS.

Spring brought me flowers: small tiny buds and frail;
 Faint shadowings of brighter flowers in store,
Fair snow-drops, shy their beauties to unveil,
 And hardier crocus, striped and varied o'er.

Sweet blossoms Summer sent, bright days, blue skies—
 With all the lavish hand that Nature knows,
Strew'd o'er my path flowers pluck'd from Paradise,
 The fragrant jasmine and the queenly rose.

Fruits mellow, luscious, ruddy Autumn gave,
 Rich spoils from Summer's glowing golden days:
More blessings than the heart of man can crave,
 More wonders than the highest art can raise.

Hoar Winter bared the boughs, although he let
 The holly bright and evergreens remain
To tell, the frozen earth will not forget
 To bid the tenderer blossoms bloom again.

So run the Seasons: so has run my life,
 One full rich tide of blessings from on high.
In youthful Spring thou hail'dst me first thy wife,
 To love and cherish me until I die.

In Summer's prime, with all a matron's pride,
 I gathered rosy children to my knee,
And with a mother's care and teaching tried
 To make thy children somewhat worthy thee.

When rich maturity with Autumn days
 Crept on, I reap'd the harvest of my care,
Pluck'd fruit off twigs my hand had help'd to raise—
 Beheld my goodly sons and daughters fair.

And though one Reaper took some golden grain
 To garner it above, beyond my ken
I know Who lends and Who takes back again,
 E'er dealing justly with the sons of men.

Now wintry age has come I stand bereft;
 Oak-like I'm stripp'd, my leaves dropp'd one by one:
But still, thank God! *one* tender heart is left,
 One bosom yet to lay my head upon.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

Both Houses of Congress adjourned on December 20, to meet again January 3.

On December 18 a memorial of citizens of Louisiana, asking for a Provisional Government, was presented in the Senate by Mr. Trumbull, and resolutions were read the next day, looking to the establishment of Territorial Governments in all the excluded Southern States; but before this important subject was advanced to a vote the Senate adjourned and the matter was referred.

The bill for the admission of Nebraska as a State was debated in the Senate on various occasions, subjected to several amendments, and its further consideration finally postponed until January 7.

The House, on the 19th, refused to make an appropriation for salary to a "clerk of pardons" for the President; and in the course of the debate Mr. Schofield said that all pardons sent to rebels at the South were charged for at the rate of $300 per pardon.

Payment of claims held by rebels anterior to April, 1861, and the act of secession, was forbidden in the House by resolution adopted on the 20th.

The immigration of Chinese into California has attracted the attention of Congress. It appears that the Chinese immigrants, on settling there, persist in maintaining their allegiance to China; and under these circumstances the Senate voted a resolution, December 19, making inquiry into the propriety of discouraging such emigration.

NEWS ITEMS.

South Carolina rejected the Constitutional Amendment on the 20th ult. by a vote of 95 to 1.

The Virginia Legislature has appropriated $30,000 to purchase limbs for its disabled rebel soldiers, but nothing for its wounded Union sons.

United States officers and soldiers in Florida are frequently arrested by municipal and State authorities for fast riding when on official business. General J. G. Foster lately ordered the authorities to desist in future; but they persisted, and the matter was finally referred to President Johnson, who sustained the civil authorities, and ordered that they should not be interfered with.

In January, 1866, General Daniel Sickles by General Order abolished corporeal punishment in his military department. On December 20 the sheriff of Raleigh, North Carolina, attempted to inflict punishment on a negro by whipping, when Colonel Bomfort, commanding in North Carolina, interfered and saved the negro from illegal punishment. Indictments were presented against Colonel Bomfort in one of the civil courts, and the Governor was called upon to enforce the obnoxious law of the State. This conflict of authority has not yet been settled.

Considerable difficulty exists in Missouri, and Governor Fletcher has expressed dissatisfaction with the action of General Grant in his disposition of United States forces in that State. A body of State militia was lately sent into the interior counties to protect them from outrages by bushwhackers and returned rebels. General Grant being in Missouri, in the absence of General Sherman, made a change in the disposition of the forces, which threatened a conflict of authority, though none had occurred up to our latest dates. Governor Fletcher protested against the activity of the United States troops; and the United States Senate, on December 20, passed a resolution of inquiry into the cause for such movements.

A Mississippi paper officially declares that all former laws prohibiting freedmen from acquiring real estate or bearing arms have been annulled.

Several tenement houses in New York City were burned during the past week, under circumstances which led to suspicions of the existence of a conspiracy on the part of incendiaries, some of whom were arrested.

The New Bowery Theatre, New York, was destroyed by fire on December 18. Loss, $150,000. This leaves the east side of the metropolis without a theatre, the Old Bowery having lately been sold for other purposes.

The Board of Aldermen of New York City have voted to cede a part of the Battery to the United States as a site for a Barge and Revenue Office.

M. Berthemy, the new French Minister to the United States, arrived in New York City on December 21, and was officially presented to the President and Secretary Seward at Washington on December 24.

The New Orleans Congressional Investigation Committee has been authorized to inquire into General Sheridan's administration of affairs.

General Wager Swayne reports Governor Patton, of Alabama, as a warm supporter of the Freedmen's Bureau.

The pressure of snow on a Buffalo market-house caused a portion of it to give way on Sunday last.

Atlanta, Georgia, has been rebuilt in a more substantial, handsomer, and more elegant manner than it was as it previously existed.

The United States frigate *Lancaster* has been reported lost off Cape Horn, but the report lacks confirmation.

The gold medallion of President Lincoln, to be presented to his widow by the Democrats of France in spite of every effort made by Napoleon to prevent its subscription in the empire, has been finished; it is two and a half inches in diameter, of solid gold, and weighs at least a pound. The relief of the martyr President is a most excellent likeness.

A song, containing an allusion to the rebel "Stars and Bars," was lately *encored* in New Orleans by the whites and hissed by the negroes of the audience.

Governor Brownlow, of Tennessee, has expressed the opinion that the Southern States have no power to ratify the Constitutional Amendment; and that "Congress will do the Union men of the South a grievous injury if it shall admit the Congressional delegations from the rebel States on such a ratification."

FOREIGN NEWS.

The German Parliament is henceforth to be elected by universal suffrage; and the German army is to be officered by Prussia.

The Diet of Crotia on the 18th inst., following the example of Hungary, voted for a separate Government from that of Austria, and will not be absorbed in the Empire.

It was formally announced in the Hungarian Diet on December 20 that the Emperor of Austria had resolved to restore the Constitution of Hungary, as was urged on him by the Deak revolutionary party.

While defeated Austria is still being forced to concessions threatening her eventual dissolution, victorious Prussia is carrying out her schemes of consolidation. Schleswig-Holstein, very important to Prussia as possessing an ocean frontier, has been absorbed by that Power and declared a part of the kingdom of Prussia.

The Pope still retains a feeble hold on Rome, but the National Committee of that city, in an address to the people, assure them of ultimate triumph in the complete unification of Italy. The Pope meantime has expressed satisfaction with the speech of King Victor Emanuel at the opening of the Italian Parliament on December 15; and a conference for the arrangement of the relations between the Papal Power and the kingdom of Italy had been held.

The last budget of the French Minister of Finance shows that the revenues and expenditures of the Empire are in a happy state of equilibrium. He declares that the new army scheme "will involve no increase of taxes, and will prove a fresh guarantee of peace." Nevertheless, so unpopular with all classes is this scheme for the reorganization of the French army, that its early withdrawal or modification is anticipated.

The Fenian excitement in Ireland was somewhat abated at our latest date (December 24), though arrests continued to be made. A London journal semi-officially declared on December 20 that Stephens was not in Ireland, and could do little mischief now if he were.

The Mexican question continues to be a mystery. General Sherman, who was sent there to solve it, returned to New Orleans on December 20, from Matamoras, where he had had an interview with General Escobedo and President Juarez. Minister Campbell remained at Matamoras after General Sherman's departure, intending to go to Monterey to meet Juarez; but on December 21 left for New Orleans. Both Commissioners were at New Orleans at our latest dates, and declared that their mission was a success, resulting in opening communications with Juarez and learning the plans of that official. The dissensions among the Liberals continued even after the defeat and expulsion from Matamoras of Canales and Cortina. On the 18th General Ortega, who claims to be the rightful President, succeeded in crossing from Texas to Mexico, and was joined by Canales, Cortina, and their bands. The most singular movement lately made is that of Marshal Bazaine, who has issued a manifesto, declaring the neutrality of the French troops in Mexico in Mexican affairs. Maximilian, who had been residing at Orizaba for a month previous, left that place on December 14 for the City of Mexico, compelled thereto by the French authorities.

John H. Surratt was placed on the United States war-steamer *Swatara* at Alexandria, Egypt, on December 21, and is *en route* to New York.

The war in Candia continues vigorously. On December 20 a desperate combat was fought between the Turks and Christians in the Convent of Arcadian. The Christians barricaded even the cells of the convent, but the Turks having carried the place, it was determined to fire the magazine in order to prevent the desecration of the house. A monk applied the match, and thousands were killed by the explosion. The Turkish blockade of the island had been strengthened.

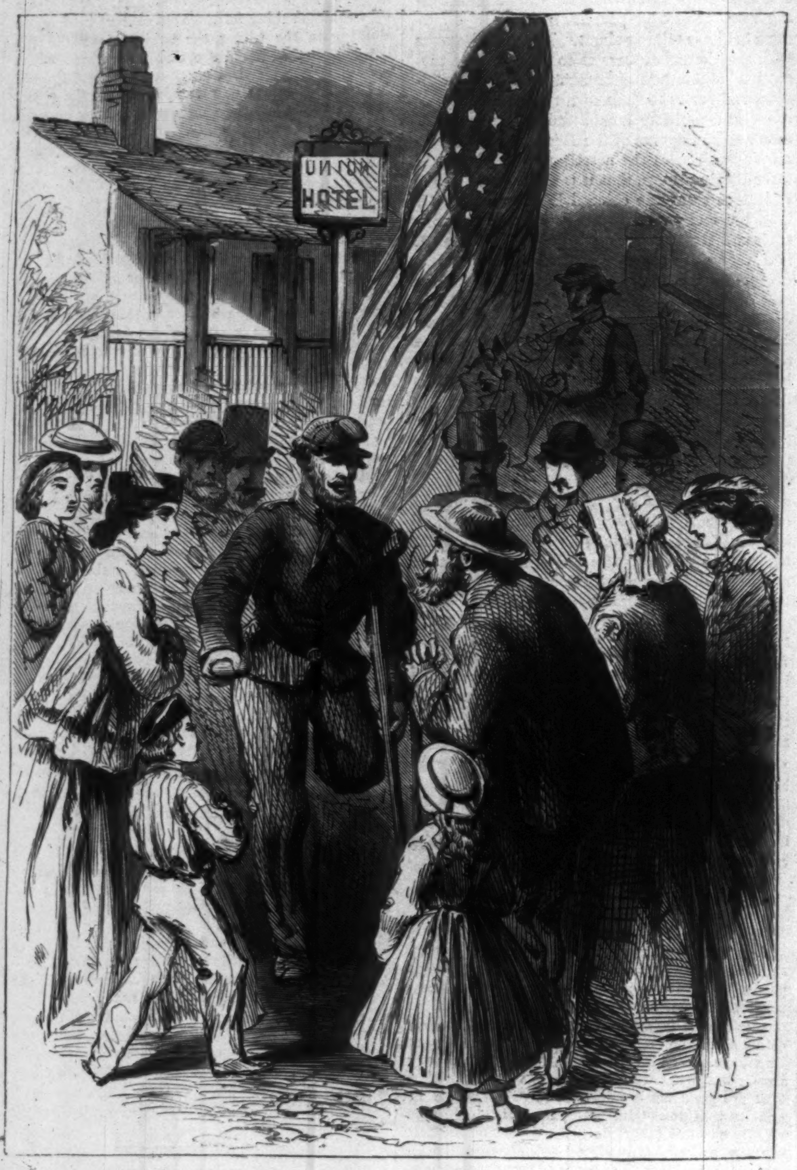
THE VETERAN.

He stood upon the village green,
Clothed in his country's gabardine.
His dusty suit of faded blue,
His forage cap and army shoe
(Alas! he had but need of one,
For 'twas a crutch he leaned upon),
His steady look and martial mien,
Showed plainly what he once had been.
I marked him well, for such as he
Are more than dear to you and me—
Who stood, through long and anxious years,
The centre of our hopes and fears.
A throng had gathered at his side;
With them a huckster's trade he plied.
His camp-cut phrase and shrewder vein
A willing audience soon obtain;
And while he talked he gave his cares
More to his story than his wares;
And rough and ready, like the man,
I give its tenor as it ran:

"I am a soldier of Sixty-one—
One of the first, you see, to rally.
I ran with the rest at the first Bull Run,
And carried a gun with Banks in the Valley.
I fired my twenty rounds away
When Shields gave Stonewall such a licking
(The boot was changed at a later day,
And we took *our* turn at the double-quicking).
And so it passed for a year or more,
When we woke one morning, bright and balmy,
Part and parcel of the old First Corps,
The bulliest corps in the grand old army!
And how we fought and how we tramped,
Too long a tale, perhaps, I'd spin ye,
But, first and last, I think we camped
In every field in old Virginny!

"'Twas a gay old life, but, Lord! 'twas hard—
No rest for the good, no peace for the wicked;
When you didn't fight you were put on guard,
And when you came off you went on picket.
Yet still somehow it struck my mind
No single step to much amounted;
Of a score of things done you were lucky to find
That two of the number had ever counted.
But war is war, and one must be
As patient as the game's uncertain;
'Tis little of the play you see—
The biggest part's behind the curtain.
Too long the silken glove we wore,
And ill we throve on milk and water;
Till, cool and grim, our Grant stepped in,
And brayed bold Dixie in his mortar!

"Ah! Ignorance may live and learn,
And Folly may give ear to Reason;
But, turn whichever way you turn,
'Tis Force alone can deal with Treason!



For he who swells with the brutal brag
That he hates the charter that made him free—
That he hates his country and hates his flag,
And prates of war with a devilish glee—
This man in vain you strive to gain
With tender words and soft appealings,
But good dry blows—he yields to those,
And there at last you touch his feelings!

"Well, as for me, I stood up stout
Until Cold Harbor, dark and cruel,
And there this leg was counted out—
At last your uncle had got his gruel!
I had been scratched three times before,
But not enough to hurt my beauty,
And for thirty months and something more
I had scarcely been off a day from duty.

"And now, my friends, I'm pegging my way
From town to town and county to county
(You see we privates had very small pay,
And the old Sixty-oners got no bounty),
A-peddling my salve wherever I raid;
And I don't feel ashamed, now, nary a particle,
For selling salve is an honest trade,
And this of mine is a prime old article!
Good for any kind of a bruise,
From a gun-shot wound to the bite of a mouse,
Or a cut or a burn—all ready for use,
And an excellent thing to have in the house!
Buy a box? Thank'ee! And you, Sir? Two?
I guess 'tain't for nothing I've taken this tramp!
Yes, my good Sir, another for you;
It only costs you a twenty-five stamp.
And another one, too!
Oh, bully for you!
I'd gladly give you a dozen more,
You all take so kind to the old First Corps!"

And while he paused in his simple strain,
'Twas little he recked of trade or gain;
For, lost in his tale, his soul had wrought
A grander vision, a nobler thought.
He thought of his country's triumph—the price
Of his own most costly sacrifice;
And a loving glance, suffused and dim,
Fell down upon his shattered limb.
I saw a tear on his eyelid flash—
I saw it fall from the quivering lash;
And he spake these words, unheard of men:
"All that I gave I would give again!"

Oh, well tried soul! through toil and pain
Well hast thou wrought, nor wrought in vain.
Thou hast fought in the van of a noble host;
Thou hast saved a land that was well-nigh lost.
And the sight of thy tattered suit of blue
Shall hold men honest and keep them true—
True to the pledge which, in darker years,
We made in sorrow and signed in tears—
That ever and ever our faith holds good
To the law of human brotherhood;
That the souls of the leal and true are white,
And that man shall be man, and right shall be right.

MILITARY ASYLUM, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Photographed by A. Gardner.—[See Page 5.]

MOTHER'S KISS.

BURNING OF THE "NEW IRONSIDES."

On the 15th of December, a little after midnight, the *New Ironsides* was discovered to be on fire. All efforts were immediately made to extinguish it; but the dense volumes of smoke which filled the vessel made it impossible to breathe, and, consequently, with the means at hand (which consisted of buckets only), water could not be got to the fire. All the air openings about the vessel had been closed, and there were hopes of smothering the fire, or, at least, subduing it, till assistance could arrive from Philadelphia, which is about three and one half miles distant.

At 12.45 A.M. the flames broke forth from one of the after-hatches, and at about this time the arrival of a steam fire-engine was hailed with joy. Unfortunately another unavoidable delay occurred in getting the engine to work. It happened to be low-water at the time, and the engine had to be transported along the bridge, extending from League Island, and the side-posts and rail of the latter to be cut down, so that the engine could be moved along. The water for its supply had to be drawn from the Delaware. By the time the engine was ready for forcing water the flames were bursting from every hatch, and it became painfully apparent that all efforts to save her would be futile.

Her decks and beams had been thoroughly covered with pitch and tar, and, when once on fire, it became almost an impossibility to extinguish the flames. She burned like a huge caldron of pitch during the remainder of the night and the greater part of the next day, when, as the wooden sides had burned away, the heavy iron armor fell into the hull.

In the afternoon the heavy chain fastenings by which she was moored were cut, and the flaming hull was towed to shallow water, where she soon after sunk. Her armor can therefore now be saved, and quantities of other metal which may be in the hull.

At the time of the fire the *New Ironsides* was moored in the inside channel at the end of a long pier on the river side of League Island. To the starboard of this steamer, on the bow end, was moored the double-turreted iron-clad *Dictator*, and between the last-named vessel and the Island the United States sloop-of-war *St. Louis*, a wooden vessel, was stationed. Between the Island, at the stern of the *New Ironsides*, was moored the *Atlanta*, a rebel ram that was captured in Warsaw Sound in 1864.

The *New Ironsides* was built at Philadelphia in May, 1862. She was 245 feet long, 57½ feet beam, and 25 feet depth of hold. Her sides were 24 inches thickness of oak, plated with 4½ inches of iron, inclined at an angle of about 30 degrees. She mounted sixteen 11-inch Dahlgren guns, and two 100-pounder Parrott pivots, mounted fore and aft. (The guns were not on board when she was burned.) Her original cost was $750,000.

SKETCHES ON A RICE PLANTATION.

The planters of the South have always fostered an idea that there was an unusual risk to the unacclimated in Southern farming, and particularly has this been claimed to be the case in rice culture, although it is very doubtful if the rice country is much if any worse than the river bottoms of the West, so attractive to emigration.

The operations of the rice plantation commence with ditching the fields to facilitate flooding, the water being distributed by a system of canals and flood-gates. The ground is then prepared either by the hoe or plow—the latter being decidedly the best, although considered an innovation by the bigoted old planters; the weeds and wild rice, or volunteer crop, as it is called, is killed, and the ground trenched for planting.

The rice is sown rapidly, as the negroes generally take a trotting gait as they drop it in the furrows, which are cut very straight. The sprout-water is now let on, and the fields remain flooded for eight or nine days, after which it is drawn off, and the rice allowed to put out leaf; and when it has reached two or three inches in height it is again flooded with what is technically called stretch-water, care being taken not to drown the rice, which must be perceptible above the water.

The rice having advanced to the proper height the water is slowly drawn off that the rice, which it supports, may not fall to the ground, and, after an

MILITARY ASYLUM AT WASHINGTON.

We give on page 4 an illustration of the United States Military Asylum for Disabled Volunteers at Washington. Official notice has been given that the Asylum is now ready to receive all volunteer soldiers honorably discharged, and who are disabled to such an extent that they are incapable of earning a livelihood in the ordinary walks of life. Whatever labor they do will be paid for. Pensions must be given up to the Institution when the soldier enters, except when he has a family to support.

METROPOLITAN M. E. CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

In the present issue we present our readers with a sketch of the Metropolitan Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church, now in course of erection in the city of Washington. When completed it will be one of the largest and most imposing church edifices on this continent. It will be built of brown stone, in the Gothic order, and will be surmounted by a spire 220 feet high, and will seat about 2000 persons. The main audience-room will be divided into nave and side aisles, and the vestibules laid in mosaic. All the wood-work will be of black walnut and white ash, the beams and girders yellow pine. The foundation walls are most massive, being six feet thick at the base, and all the stone laid in cement. The vestries and class-rooms, as well as the lecture-room, will be constructed on the most modern and improved plan, and will be well lighted and properly ventilated.

In the arrangement of the seats the national character of the church will be pleasingly carried out. Pews will be set apart for the President and his Cabinet, the Judges of Courts, and officers of the Army and Navy. Seats will also be provided for the different States, bearing on their panels the coat of arms belonging to each, so that strangers from every section of the Republic, as well as the members of Congress, will find they have a place in which to worship when visiting the National Capital.

The erection of this building was first decided upon about ten years ago, when suitable lots were purchased, and the foundations laid; but owing to the unsettled state of the country the project was kept in abeyance until the last session of the Baltimore Conference. At that meeting the Rev. F. S. De Hass, of Brooklyn, New York, was appointed to complete the undertaking, and in April last he assumed the charge. Since then he has been almost constantly engaged in presenting the claims of the Metropolitan Church to the Methodist people of the States. Upward of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars is the estimated cost, and the entire of this amount, it is expected, the reverend gentleman will secure before the building is completed. Chief-Justice Chase, General Grant, and Senator Harlan are members of the Board of Trustees, and the first men of the nation are among the contributors to this grand memorial edifice.

METROPOLITAN MEMORIAL METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

interval of a week or ten days, the ground is pronounced dry enough for first hoeing, which is immediately followed by the second. The water is then put on again, and performs the double duty of nourishing and bearing up the rice and keeping down the growth of weeds. It is at this time that malaria is apt to arise, the water, which is only changed at intervals of two weeks, getting sour and stagnant. This flooding is kept up with the changes of the tide—being careful not to stretch the rice too much—till the time arrives for harvest-water, which is the last flooding, and is kept on longer than the previous ones. The rice being ripe and the water finally drawn off, when the fields are dry enough the reapers enter, and cut the crop, which is at once carried to the threshing-mill, as it is necessary that it should be threshed as fast as it is cut, 500 to 1000 bushels daily being the usual amount made.

In rice culture the aim of the planter is to get his crop in in time to flood with the spring-tides. If he does this the rice will advance so rapidly that it will be harvested before the arrival of those pests to the rice-grower—the rice-birds. These collect about the rice plantations in immense flecks before migrating to the West Indies and Central America for the winter.

The bobolink, or rice-bird, eats immense quantities of insects and grubs, and is thus of considerable use to the farmer of the North; but woe to the planter if this bird finds the rice upon the ground! Rats and ducks are also among the enemies of the rice, and the hands kill and eat them—the rats as well as the ducks. The negroes of the rice plantations hold themselves much above other hands, and their tasks are much lighter, usually being finished by the middle of the day, when they eat a good meal. To eat early makes them sick, and they often put it off till they have done their work, after which they go to the woods and rivers, and add game and fish to their rations of pork, corn, and rice—the latter they *must* have. In their gardens they cultivate cabbage, potatoes, etc., and altogether lead a tolerably pleasant existence. The drawings, which were made on the plantation of Colonel Wardell, on the Ogeechee, near Savannah, represent, in the centre, the rice fields with the hands at work, and around it the threshing-mill, the main flood-gate, one of the smaller gates, or trunks, a flooded field, ditching, reaping, etc. A. R. W.

BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book II.—The Two Macaires.

CHAPTER II.—(*Continued.*)

The Captain was so essentially a creature of the West End that Beauty without her glitter of diamonds and splendor of apparel was scarcely Beauty for him. He waited for the groom of the chambers to announce her name, and the low hum of well-bred approval to accompany her entrance, before he bowed the knee and acknowledged her perfection. The Beauties whom he remembered had received their patent from the Prince Regent, and had graduated in the houses of Devonshire and Hertford. How should the faded bachelor know that this girl, in a shabby cotton-gown, with unkempt hair dragged off her pale face, and with grimy smears from the handles of sauce-pans and fire-irons imprinted upon her cheeks—how should he know that she was beautiful? It was only during the slow monotonous hours of his convalescence, when he lay upon the poor faded little sofa in Mrs. Kepp's parlor—the sofa that was scarcely less faded and feeble than himself—it was then, and then only, that he discovered the loveliness of the face which had been so often bent over him during his delirious wanderings.

"I have mistaken you for all manner of people, my dear," he said to his landlady's daughter, who sat by the little Pembroke-table working, while her mother dozed in a corner with a worsted stocking drawn over her arm and a pair of spectacles resting upon her elderly nose. Mrs. Kepp and her daughter were wont to spend their evenings in the lodger's apartment now; for the invalid complained bitterly of "the horrors" when they left him.

"I have taken you for all sorts of people, Mary Anne," pursued the Captain, dreamily. "Sometimes I have fancied you were the Countess of Jersey, and I could see her smile as she looked at me when I was first presented to her. I was very young in the beautiful Jersey's time; and then there was the other one—whom I used to drink tea with at Brighton. Ah me! what a dull world it seems nowadays! The king gone, and every thing changed—every thing—every thing! I am a very old man, Mary Anne."

He was fifty-two years of age; he felt quite an old man. He had spent all his money, he had outlived the best friends of his youth; for it had been his fate to adorn a declining era, and he had been a youngster among elderly patrons and associates. His patrons were dead and gone, and the men he had patronized shut their doors upon him in the day of his poverty. As for his relations he had turned his back upon them long ago, when first he followed in the shining wake of that gorgeous vessel, the Royal George. In this hour of his penniless decline there was none to help him. To have outlived every affection and every pleasure is the chief bitterness of old age; and this bitterness Horatio Paget suffered in all its fullness, though his years were but fifty-two.

"I am a very old man, Mary Anne," he repeated plaintively. But Mary Anne Kepp could not think him old. To her eyes he must forever appear the incarnation of all that is elegant and distinguished. He was the first gentleman she had ever seen. Mrs. Kepp had given shelter to other lodgers who had called themselves gentlemen, and who had been pompous and grandiose of manner in their intercourse with the widow and her daughter; but oh, what pitiful lacquered counterfeits, what Brummagem paste they have been, compared to the real gem! Mary Anne Kepp had seen varnished boots before the humble flooring of her mother's dwelling was honored by the tread of Horatio Paget; but what clumsy vulgar boots, and what awkward plebeian feet had worn them! The lodger's slim white hands and arched instep, the patrician curve of his aquiline nose, the perfect grace of his apparel, the high-bred modulation of his courteous accents—all these had impressed Mary Anne's tender little heart so much the more because of his poverty and loneliness. That such a man should be forgotten and deserted—that such a man should be poor and lonely, seemed so cruel a chance to the simple maiden: and then when illness overtook him, and invested him with a supreme claim upon her tenderness and pity—then the innocent girl lavished all the treasures of a compassionate heart upon the ruined gentleman. She had no thought of fee or reward; she knew that her mother's lodger was miserably poor, and that his payments had become more and more irregular week by week, and month by month. She had no consciousness of the depth of feeling that rendered her so gentle a nurse; for her life was a busy one, and she had neither time nor inclination for any morbid brooding upon her own feelings.

She protested warmly against the Captain's lamentation respecting his age.

"The idear of any gentleman calling hisself old at fifty!" she said—and Horatio shuddered at the supererogatory "r" and the "hisself," though they proceeded from the lips of his consoler—"you've got many, many years before you yet, Sir, please God," she added, piously; "and there's good friends will come forward yet to help you, I make no doubt."

Captain Paget shook his head peevishly.

"You talk as if you were telling my fortune with a pack of cards," he said. "No, my girl, I shall have only one friend to rely upon, if ever I am well enough to go outside this house; and that friend is myself. I have spent the fortune my father left me; I have spent the price of my commission; and I have parted with every object of any value that I ever possessed—in vulgar parlance, I am cleaned out, Mary Anne. But other men have spent every sixpence belonging to them, and have contrived to live pleasantly enough for half a century afterward; and I dare say I can do as they have done. If the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, I suppose the hawks and vultures take care of themselves. I have tried my luck as a shorn lamb, and the tempest has been very bitter for me; so I have no alternative but to join the vultures."

Mary Anne Kepp stared wonderingly at her mother's lodger. She had some notion that he had been saying something wicked and blasphemous; but she was too ignorant and too innocent to follow his meaning.

"Oh, pray don't talk in that wild way, Sir," she entreated. "It makes me so unhappy to hear you go on like that."

"And why should any thing that I say make you unhappy, Mary Anne?" asked the lodger, earnestly.

There was something in his tone that set her pale face on fire with unwonted crimson, and she bent very low over her work to hide those painful blushes. She did not know that the Captain's tone presaged a serious address; she did not know that the grand crisis of her life was close upon her.

Horatio Paget had determined upon making a sacrifice. The doctor had told him that he owed his life to this devoted girl; and he would have been something less than man if he had not been moved with some grateful emotion. He was grateful; and in the dreary hours of his slow recovery he had ample leisure for the contemplation of the woman to whom he owed so much, if his poor worthless life could indeed be much. He saw that she was devoted to him; that she loved him more truly than he had ever been conscious of being loved before. He saw too that she was beautiful. To an ugly woman Captain Paget might have felt extremely grateful; but he could never have thought of an ugly woman as he thought of Mary Anne Kepp. The end of his contemplation and his deliberation came to this: She was beautiful, and she loved him, and his life was utterly wretched and lonely; so he determined upon proving his gratitude by a sublime sacrifice. Before the girl had lifted her face from the needle-work, over which she had bent to hide her blushes, Horatio Paget had asked her to be his wife. Her emotion almost overpowered her as she tried to answer him; but she struggled against it bravely, and came to the sofa on which he lay and dropped upon her knees by his side. The beggar-maid who was wooed by a king could have felt no deeper sense of her lover's condescension than that which filled the heart of this poor, simple girl, as she knelt by her mother's gentleman-lodger."

"I—to be *your* wife!" she exclaimed. "Oh, surely, Sir, you can not mean it?"

"But I do mean it, with all my heart and soul, my dear," answered the Captain. "I'm not offering you any grand chance, Mary Anne; for I'm about as low down in the world as a man can be. But I don't mean to be poor all my life. Come, my dear, don't cry!" he exclaimed, just a little impatiently—for the girl had covered her face with her hands, and tears were dropping between the poor hard-working fingers—"but lift up your head and tell me whether you will take a faded old bachelor for your husband or not."

Horatio Paget had admired many women in the bright years of his youth, and had fancied himself desperately in love more than once in his life; but it is doubtful whether the mighty passion had ever really possessed the Captain's heart, which was naturally cold and sluggish, rarely fluttered by any emotion that was not engendered of selfishness. Horatio had set up an idol, and had invented a religion for himself very early in life; and that idol was fashioned after his own image, and that religion had its beginning and end in his own pleasure. He might have been flattered and pleased by Miss Kepp's agitation; but he was ill and peevish; and having all his life been subject to a profound antipathy to feminine tearfulness, the girl's display of emotion annoyed him.

"Is it to be yes, or no, my dear?" he asked, with some vexation in his tone.

Mary Anne looked up at him with tearful, frightened eyes.

"Oh yes, Sir, if I can be any use to you, and nurse you when you are ill, and work for you till I work my fingers to the bone."

She clenched her hands spasmodically as she spoke. In imagination she was already toiling and striving for the god of her idolatry—the GENTLEMAN whose varnished boots had been to her as a glimpse of another and a fairer world than that represented by Tulliver's Terrace, Old Kent Road. But Captain Paget checked her enthusiasm by a gentle gesture of his attenuated hands.

"That will do, my dear," he murmured languidly; "I'm not very strong yet, and any thing in the way of fuss is inexpressibly painful to me. Ah, my poor child!" he exclaimed, pityingly, "if you could have seen a dinner at the Marquis of Hertford's, you would have understood how much can be achieved without fuss. But I am talking of things you don't understand. You will be my wife; and a very good, kind, obedient little wife, I have no doubt. That is all settled. As for working for me, my love, it would be about as much as these poor little hands could do to earn me a cigar a-day—and I seldom smoke less than half a dozen cigars; so, you see, that is all so much affectionate nonsense. And now you may wake your mother, my dear; for I want to take a little nap, and I can't close my eyes while that good soul is snoring so intolerably; but not a word about our little arrangement, Mary Anne, till you and your mother are alone."

And hereupon the Captain spread a handkerchief over his face and subsided into a gentle slumber. The little scene had fatigued him, though it had been so quietly enacted that Mrs. Kepp had slept on undisturbed by the brief fragment of domestic drama performed within a few yards of her uneasy arm-chair. Her daughter awoke her presently, and she resumed her needle-work, while Mary Anne made some tea for the beloved sleeper. The cups and saucers made more noise to-night than they were wont to make in the girl's careful hands. The fluttering of her heart seemed to communicate itself to the tips of her fingers, and the jingling of the crockery-ware betrayed the intensity of her emotion. He was to be her husband! She was to have a gentleman for a husband; and such a gentleman! Out of such base trifles as a West End tailor's coat and a West End workman's boots may be engendered the purest blossom of womanly love and devotion. Wisely may the modern philosopher cry that the history of the world is only a story of old clothes. Mary Anne had begun by admiring the graces of Stultz and Hoby, and now she was ready to lay down her life for the man who wore the perishing garments!

Miss Kepp obeyed her lover's behest; and it was only on the following day, when she and her mother were alone together in the dingy little kitchen below Captain Paget's apartments, that she informed that worthy woman of the honor which had been vouchsafed to her. And thereupon Mary Anne endured the first of the long series of disappointments which were to arise out of her affection for the penniless Captain. The widow was a woman of the world, and was obstinately blind to the advantages of a union with a ruined gentleman of fifty.

"How's he to keep you, I should like to know?" Mrs. Kepp exclaimed, as the girl stood blushing before her after having told her story; "if he can't pay me regular—and you know the difficulty I've had to get his money, Mary Anne. If he can't keep hisself how's he to keep you?"

"Don't talk like that, mother," cried the girl, wincing under her parent's practical arguments; "you go on as if all I cared for was being fed and clothed. Besides, Captain Paget is not going to be poor always. He told me so last night, when he—"

"*He* told you so!" echoed the honest widow with unmitigated scorn; "hasn't he told me times and often that I should have my rent regular after this week, and regular after that week; and have I *ever* had it regular? And ain't I keeping him out of charity now—a poor widow-woman like me—which I may be wanting charity myself before long; and if it wasn't for your whimpering and going on he'd have been out of the house three weeks ago, when the doctor said he was well enough to be moved; for I ast him."

"And you'd have turned him out to die in the streets, mother!" cried Mary; "I didn't think you were so 'artless."

From this time there was ill-feeling between Mrs. Kepp and her daughter, who had been hitherto one of the most patient and obedient of children. The fanatic can never forgive the wretch who disbelieves in the divinity of his god; and women who love as blindly and foolishly as Mary Anne Kepp are the most bigoted of worshipers. The girl could not forgive her mother's disparagement of her idol—the mother had no mercy upon her daughter's folly; and after much wearisome contention and domestic misery—carefully hidden from the penniless sybarite in the parlor—after many tears and heart-burnings, and wakeful nights and prayerful watches, Mary Anne Kepp consented to leave the house quietly one morning with the gentleman-lodger while the widow had gone to market. Miss Kepp left a piteous little note for her mother, rather ungrammatical, but very womanly and tender, imploring pardon for her want of duty; and, "O, mother, if you knew how good and nobel he is you coudent be angery with me for luving him has I do, and we shall come back to you after oure marige, wich you will be pade up honourabel to the last farthin."

After writing this epistle in the kitchen, with more deliberation and more smudging than Captain Paget would have cared to behold in the bride of his choice, Mary Anne attired herself in her Sabbath-day raiment, and left Tulliver's Terrace with the Captain in a cab. She would fain have taken a little lavender-paper-covered box that contained the remainder of her wardrobe; but after surveying it with a shudder, Captain Paget told her that such a box would condemn them *any where.*

"You may get on sometimes without luggage, my dear," he said, sententiously; "but with such luggage as *that*, never!"

The girl obeyed without comprehending. It was not often that she understood her lover's meaning; nor did he particularly care that she should understand him. He talked to her rather in the same spirit in which one talks to a faithful canine companion—as Napoleon III. may talk to his favorite Nero: "I have great plans yet unfulfilled, my honest Nero, though you may not be wise enough to guess their nature. And we must have another Boulevard, old fellow! and we must make things secure in Mexico; and settle that little dispute about Venetia; and we must do something for those unfortunate Poles, eh—good dog?" and so on.

Captain Paget drove straight to a registrar's-office, where the new marriage-act enabled him to unite himself to Miss Kepp *sans façon*, in presence of the cabman and a woman who had been cleaning the door-step. The Captain went through the brief ceremonial as coolly as if it had been the settlement of a water-rate, and was angered by the tears that poor Mary Anne shed under her cheap black veil. He had forgotten the poetic superstition in favor of a wedding-ring, but he slipped a little onyx ring off his own finger and put it on the clumsier finger of his bride. It was the last of his jewels—the rejected of the pawnbrokers, who, not being learned in antique intaglios, had condemned the ring as trumpery. There is always something a little ominous in the bridegroom's forgetfulness of that simple golden circle which typifies an eternal union; and a superstitious person might have drawn a sinister augury from the subject of Captain Paget's intaglio, which was a head of Nero—an emperor whose wife was by no means the happiest of women. But as neither Mary Anne nor the registrar, neither the cabman nor the char-woman who had been cleaning the door-step had ever heard of Nero, and as Horatio Paget was much too indifferent to be superstitious, there was no one to draw evil inferences; and Mary Anne went away with her gentleman husband, proud and happy, with a happiness that was only disturbed now and then by the image of an infuriated mother.

Captain Paget took his bride to some charming apartments in Half-moon Street, Mayfair; and she was surprised to hear him tell the landlady that he and his wife had just arrived from Devonshire, and that they meant to stay a week or so in London, *en passant*, before starting for the Continent.

"My wife has spent the best part of her life in the country," said the Captain, so I suppose I must show her some of the sights of London in spite of the abominable weather. But the deuce of it is that my servant has misunderstood my directions, and gone on to Paris with the luggage. However, we can set that all straight to-morrow."

Nothing could be more courteously acquiescent than the manner of the landlady; for Captain Paget had offered her references, and the people to whom he referred were among the magnates of the land. The Captain knew enough of human nature to know that if references are only sufficiently imposing they are very unlikely to be verified. The swindler who refers his dupe to the Duke of Sutherland and Baring Brothers has a very good chance of getting his respectability accepted without inquiry, on the mere strength of those sacred names.

From this time until the day of her death Mary Anne Paget very seldom heard her husband make any statement which she did not know to be false. He had joined the ranks of the vultures. He had lain down upon his bed of sickness a gentlemanly beggar; he arose from that couch of pain and weariness a swindler.

Now began those petty shifts and miserable falsifications whereby the birds of prey thrive upon the flesh and blood of hapless pigeons. Now the dovecotes were fluttered by a new destroyer—a gentlemanly vulture, whose suave accents and perfect manners were fatal to the unwary. Henceforth Horatio Cromie Nugent Paget flourished and fattened upon the folly of his fellow-men. As promoter of joint-stock companies that never saw the light; as treasurer of loan-offices where money was never lent; as a gentleman with capital about to introduce a novel article of manufacture from the sale of which a profit of five thousand a year would infallibly be realized, and desirous to meet with another gentleman of equal capital; as the mysterious X. Y. Z. who will—for so small a recompense as thirty postage-stamps—impart the secret of an elegant and pleasing employment, whereby seven-pound-ten a week may be made by any individual, male or female; under every flimsy disguise with which the swindler hides his execrable form, Captain Paget plied his cruel trade, and still contrived to find fresh dupes. Of course there were occasions when the pigeons

were slow to flutter into the fascinating snare, and when the vulture had a bad time of it; and it was a common thing for Captain Paget to sink from the splendor of Mayfair or St. James's Street into some dingy transpontine hiding-place. But he never went back to Tulliver's Terrace, though Mary Anne pleaded piteously for the payment of her poor mother's debt. When her husband was in funds, he patted her head affectionately, and told her that he would see about it—*i. e.*, the payment of Mrs. Kepp's bill; while, if she ventured to mention the subject to him when his purse was scantily furnished, he would ask her fiercely how he was to satisfy her mother's extortionate claims when he had not so much as a sixpence for his own use?

Mrs. Kepp's bill was never paid, and Mary Anne never saw her mother's face again. Mrs. Paget was one of those meek, loving creatures who are essentially cowardly. She could not bring herself to encounter her mother without the money owed by the Captain; she could not bring herself to endure the widow's reproaches, the questioning that would be so horribly painful to answer, the taunts that would torture her poor sorrowful heart.

Alas for her brief dream of love and happiness! Alas for her foolish worship of the gentleman lodger! She knew now that her mother had been wiser than herself, and that it would have been better for her if she had renounced the shadowy glory of an alliance with Horatio Cromie Nugent Paget; whose string of high-sounding names, written on the cover of an old wine-book, had not been without its influence on the ignorant girl. The widow's daughter knew very little happiness during the few years of her wedded life. To be hurried from place to place, to dine in Mayfair to-day, and to eat your dinner at a shilling ordinary in Whitecross Street to-morrow; to wear fine clothes that have not been paid for, and to take them off your back at a moment's notice when they are required for the security of the friendly pawnbroker; to know that your life is a falsehood and a snare, and that to leave a place is to leave contempt and execration behind you—these things constitute the burden of a woman whose husband lives by his wits. And over and above these miseries, Mrs. Paget had to endure all the variations of temper to which the schemer is subject. If the pigeons dropped readily into the snare, and if their plumage proved well worth the picking, the Captain was very kind to his wife, after his own fashion; that is to say, he took her out with him, and after lecturing her angrily because of the shabbiness of her bonnet, bought her a new one; and gave her a dinner that made her ill, and then sent her home in a cab, while he finished the evening in more congenial society. But if the times were bad for the vulture tribe—oh, then, what a gloomy companion for the domestic hearth was the elegant Horatio! After smiling his false smile all day, while rage and disappointment were gnawing at his heart, it was a kind of relief to the Captain to be moody and savage by his own fireside. The human vulture has something of the ferocity of his feathered prototype. The man who lives upon his fellow-men has need to harden his heart, for one sentiment of compassion, one touch of human pity, would shatter his finest scheme in the hour of its fruition. Horatio Paget and compassion parted fellowship very early in the course of his unscrupulous career. What if the pigeon has a widowed mother dependent on his prosperity, or half a dozen children who will be involved in his ruin? Is the hawk to forego his natural prey for any such paltry consideration as a vulgar old woman or a brood of squalling brats?

Captain Paget was not guilty of any persistent unkindness toward the woman whose fate he had deigned to link with his own. The consciousness that he had conferred a supreme honor on Mary Anne Kepp by offering her his hand and a share of his difficulties never deserted him. He made no attempt to elevate the ignorant girl into companionship with himself. He shuddered when she misplaced her h's, and turned from her peevishly with a muttered oath when she was more than usually ungrammatical: but though he found it disagreeable to hear her, he would have found it troublesome to set her right, and trouble was a thing which Horatio Paget held in gentlemanly aversion. The idea that the mode of his existence could be repulsive to his wife—that this low-born and low-bred girl could have scruples that he never felt, and might suffer agonies of remorse and shame of which his coarser nature was incapable—never entered the Captain's mind. It would have been too great an absurdity for the daughter of plebeian Kepps to affect a tenderness of conscience unknown to the scion of Pagets and Cromies and Nugents. Mary Anne was afraid of her elegant husband; and she worshiped and waited upon him in meek silence, keeping the secret of her own sorrows, and keeping it so well that he never guessed the manifold sources of that pallor of countenance and hollow brightness of eye which had of late annoyed him when he looked at his wife. She had borne him a child; a sweet girl-baby, with those great black eyes that always have rather a weird look in the face of infancy; and she would fain have clung to the infant as the hope and consolation of her joyless life. But the vulture is not a domestic bird, and a baby would have been an impediment in the rapid hegiras which Captain Paget and his wife were wont to make. The Captain put an advertisement in a daily paper before the child was a week old; and in less than a fortnight after Mary Anne had looked at the baby face for the first time, she was called upon to surrender her treasure to an elderly woman of fat and greasy aspect, who had agreed to bring the infant up "by hand" in a miserable little street in a remote and dreary district lying between Vauxhall and Battersea.

Mary Anne gave up the child uncomplainingly; as meekly as she would have surrendered herself if the Captain had brought a masked executioner to her bedside, and had told her a block was prepared for her in the adjoining chamber. She had no idea of resistance to the will of her husband. She endured her existence for nearly five years after the birth of her child, and during those miserable years the one effort of her life was to secure the miserable stipend paid for the little girl's maintenance; but before the child's fifth birthday the mother faded off the face of the earth. She died in a miserable lodging not very far from Tulliver's Terrace, expiring in the arms of a landlady who comforted her in her hour of need as she had comforted the ruined gentleman. Captain Paget was a prisoner in Whitecross Street at the time of his wife's death, and was much surprised when he missed her morning visits and the little luxuries she had been wont to bring him.

He had missed her for more than a week, and had written to her twice—rather angrily on the second occasion—when a rough unkempt boy in corduroy waited upon him in the dreary ward, where he and half a dozen other depressed and melancholy men sat at little tables writing letters, or pretending to read newspapers, and looking at one another furtively every now and then. There is no prisoner so distracted by his own cares that he will not find time to wonder what his neighbor is "in for."

The boy had received instructions to be careful how he imparted his dismal tidings to the "poor dear gentleman;" but the lad grew nervous and bewildered at sight of the Captain's fierce hook-nose and scrutinizing gray eyes, and blurted out his news without any dismal note of warning.

"The lady died at two o'clock this morning, please, Sir; and mother said I was to come and tell you, please, Sir."

Captain Paget staggered under the blow.

"Good God!" he cried, as he dropped upon a rickety Windsor chair, that creaked under his weight; "and I did not even know that she was ill!"

Still less did he know that all her married life had been one long heart-sickness—one monotonous agony of remorse and shame.

A SONG FOR NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

THE fire-light glows upon the hearth;
  Come, gather round, kind friends!
To-night the New Year has its birth,
  To-night the Old Year ends;
So fill your glasses to the rim,
And let us say farewell to him!

The season knows no flower or leaf
  To deck his aged brow;
His hour, alas! is growing brief,
  He needs must leave us now;
So let us fill our glasses high,
And bid the dear Old Year "Good-by!"

Old Year, you have been with us long—
  The best of friends must part;
Oh, seems it weak if with our song
  The tears unbidden start?
Hark to the bell, his funeral knell,
Now bid the good Old Year "Farewell!"

He brought us generous gifts of flowers,
  When Spring tripp'd o'er the plain;
He brought us Summer's golden hours,
  And fields of waving grain;
So let us fill our glasses high,
And say to him once more "Good-by!"

Join hands, my friends; he lives no more
  Whom we have loved so well—
His days with us at last are o'er,
  Now fails his funeral bell;
Join hands around the warm hearth here,
And welcome in the glad New Year!

"LET THE NEW YEAR IN!"

MRS. RUSK'S house was so close on the dépôt that you could have seen from her windows, if you could have seen any thing on that murky New-Year's Eve, that Sahara of old iron, rust, and rails that constitutes the surroundings of an engine-house; and that hour, and every hour during the day and night, was certain to be disturbed by the shriekings and snortings of the ill-conditioned engines that were forever tearing up and down in that particular locality; also, when Mrs. Rusk placed her tall lamp in the window, the brightness of it could be seen streaming across the Sahara at the dusky dépôt itself; and Rufus Rusk, seeing the light, knew that his wife was watching for him; likewise, when Mrs. Rusk heard three short, sharp shrieks of the steam-whistle, she knew that Rufus's train was up, and that Rufus himself had come; a system of signals in which Mr. Rusk took great delight, partly as his own invention, partly as the poetry of life, it being his opinion "that an engine-driver can have as much of that particular kind of poetry as a king, providing he sets his mind to it.

On this New-Year's Eve, the three whistles having already sounded, Mrs. Rusk had laid the cloth, and was busy with the coffee. As she went about, Mrs. Rusk hummed some old catch to herself, and as she came to and fro, the fire showed you, and the lamps showed you, a placid, pleasant face. You must have said also, that between the fresh cleanliness of the room, the snowy whiteness of the table, the sparkle of the fire in the clear glasses, the Christmas wreaths on the wall, and the tall lamp shining out to meet the cold, tired man coming toward it, that here was a cheery and heartsome house, and a cheerier and more heartsome woman; unless you were a close observer, when you would have detected that Mrs. Rusk broke her song, now and then, with a sigh, and that her kind face wore a look of settled, quiet trouble. It is undeniable also that on this special evening Mrs. Rusk was anxious and absent; that more than once she had said to herself, "Is there to be no end, no forgiveness?" as if she were a tragedy heroine rehearsing a part, and that when she heard Rufus at the door she cried out, "I never can do it!" and in her flurry came near spilling the coffee into the gravy.

In fact, something very strange had happened to Mrs. Rusk.

Rufus came in tired—that was usual; but he also came in snappish—that was unusual; when his wife asked, rather to hide her trembling and flutter than from curiosity, if the train were not behind time?

"What if it were?" answered Rufus, gruffly. "You women, I think, must always make a pother about something." And then, a little after—"I met Grierson to-night, with his girl Alice"—bringing out the words with a sort of wrench. "She's grown handsome; and says Grierson, who is as proud of her as a peacock, 'She's as good as she looks.' But says I, 'Wait a bit till you find out whether she'll cheat you, as my girl did.' Four New-Year's nights ago I'd have said the same as him," making a dash at his eyes, as if a bit of sleet or snow had lodged there.

"I can *never* do it," thought Mrs. Rusk.

Rufus went to the door, perhaps to see if the night was getting worse, cleared his throat of something that he seemed to have brought home in it, came back to the little table, and began to sip his coffee grudgingly; but this coffee was of a sort to be drunk with gratitude, and the fire took him in hand, and warmed him out of the very thought of the sleet outside to a gentle glow. Admiring the brightness about him, he forgot Grierson and his Alice, and getting an appeal, that came to him neither by eye nor ear, he discovered a bunch of geraniums cut for the occasion by Mrs. Rusk. Looking at that lady, he saw that she wore her best gown and her cherry ribbons, and that she was smiling at him. That reminded him of something in his over-coat pocket.

"How ever shall I say it?" Mrs. Rusk asked herself, looking after him with a troubled face, as he went to fetch it.

"Barbox Brothers!" observed Rufus, coming back with a thin pamphlet. "I thought you could read it while I smoked. A Christmas story—Dickens's, you know!"

Mrs. Rusk took the book, turned it over doubtfully, glanced at the heading, and felt what she called a "flash," and grander folk would style an inspiration; "And I've got it," says Mrs. Rusk to herself, her heart beating thick between terror and triumph.

"Now, then," said Rufus, who was lighting his pipe meanwhile, "this begins to feel like New Year, Mrs. R. I am the king on his throne, with a pipe in my mouth, a bouquet at my elbow, and the fire to look at; and you are the queen, with an eye and a hand for making the poetry of life that can't be beat; and for the dishes, they can wait and hear the reading!" Here Rufus, quite thawed to his usual humor, laughed lightly, and turned his face, expectant, toward Mrs. Rusk; and that lady, with an awful sense of guilt upon her, and of what Charles Dickens would say, could he ever by any chance find out what she was doing, commenced the story of the man without a New Year.

"But I thought them was Christmas things," observed Rufus, stopping short in a whiff.

"I guess Dickens does pretty much as he likes," said Mrs. Rusk, growing very rosy. "Any how, this is what it says." Rufus put back his pipe, and Mrs. Rusk went on:

"'It was not a silent house. There was a guest in every room, and a fire on every hearth; only the fires could not break down the shadow, and the guests drank with a sense of sadness, mouldering, and decay strong upon, and not a gleam of the New-Year brightness. An old house, with a settled darkness and gloominess upon it that was not that of years! If it had ever known any touch of real gladness, that touch had vanished, like the dead, out of life. If a light foot had ever tripped over its settling floors, or a gay girl smiled at herself in its clouded mirrors, the remembrance of her was put out of the house, as with a strong, relentless hand. If a sad voice ever pleaded without, "Is there to be no end, no forgiveness?" the wild wind drowned it always, and bore it away, or it fell always on stopped ears; and if there be men who soften and grow gracious with years, Gilbert Grayson, its master, was not of them. His face only hardened and hardened in the wrathful lines struck into it by one blow. When he saw no New-Year's sparkle in his wine, and on his hearth, he felt only wrath. When one New Year after another passed by his door without entering, his wrath grew bitter. When, on each New-Year's night, word came to him from one pleading at the door "that she should come to her father's door each New Year till she died, to ask if there was yet forgiveness," he always pointed to the portrait on the wall, and told the man to tell her how it hung, with its blue eyes and the glory of its golden hair turned away, and so should hang forever.'"

"And right!" cried Rufus, laying down his pipe, with a look of rising passion in his face, "if it was a girl that cheated while she fondled him, and flung off her father's love, like an old song, for her first fancy, as some I've known. Though," subsiding again, "I don't see that it sounds yet like any thing that has to do with Barbox Brothers, or, for that, like Dickens either. He's gone back on his style, Mrs. R."

Perhaps the print of "Barbox Brothers" is bad, for Mrs. Rusk had trouble here to make it out. She did make it out, however, and went on, with a growing sense of deficiencies in Dickens's style.

"'Conscious of the hardening and the grimness in himself, and the angrier for it; knowing of the decay and sadness through all his house, and raging against and at her as the cause of it; growing bitterer and hating himself more and more, feeling the shadow deepen on his hearth, and loathing that more and more, yet with no relenting, no thought of turning; so this new year found him a hard, rayless man, walking the streets in the blackness of a night wild with storm and wind long after his guests were got to bed, battling with the storm as he battled with himself, and crying out on her, at every turn, that had brought this upon him; coming home finally, quite worn out, in the first grayness of the year, to hear a knocking at his own door as he came near, and to see a child standing on his steps, and an old man, holding the door against him; and something joyful stirred within Gilbert, and he said: "That is the old year, in which she fled; and I cursed her, and it has never left me since. It has barred out the joyful years as they came by, with new thoughts and new hopes; and it has walked and talked with me, lain down and risen up with me, till I have grown into its angry likeness. But this is the new year, and I will let him in;"'—[Mrs. Rusk at sea here for participles, and the Dickens style and her agitation increasing with every sentence]—'when with the thought he felt a touch on his arm like a falling leaf, and, turning, saw his daughter, beseeching him with the old words, "Is there to be no end, no forgiveness, father?" and teaching her little child to beseech him also.'"

Rufus laid down his pipe, and sat listening with a pale, fixed face.

"'I was so young,' she said, weeping. 'I thought to be forgiven, as I had been a hundred times before, for a hundred other follies.'

"'So young,' pleaded the New Year. 'Little more now than a child.'

"'Yet not too young to break her father's heart,' said the Shadow.

"'If at any time,' she went on, 'however distant, I might hope for forgiveness.'

"'Did she think of forgiveness when she fled from your hearth and left me there?' interrupted the Shadow.

"'And left you there?' repeated Gilbert, gloomily. 'True!'

"'Not true!' cried the New Year. 'It is you, not she, who hold the Shadow fast, else it would have passed from you in its appointed time. It is you who are always stirring the embers of your wrath, not she, who has over and again besought forgiveness.'

"'Where, then, is that man,' asked the Shadow, 'for whom she left the love that had never failed her from her birth? Let her go to him.'

"'And why, then, am I at all,' returned the New Year, 'if old wrongs and sorrows are not to go out before me? Why not one long doleful year of life, happiest when soonest done, if men are to sit in the shadow of evil, and there is to be no forgiveness, and no commencement of fresh hopes?'

"'I know,' she said, weeping more and more, 'that I have darkened your hearth; but if I might even yet gather its fires together—'

"'Never!' cried the Shadow, harshly.

"'If I might,' she urged, waiting, her eyes on Gilbert.

"'He is in me, and I in him,' said the Shadow, darkly.

"'True,' muttered Gilbert, but he looked at the New Year.

"'Turn him out,' said this bright angel, 'and let me in.'

"'For your own sake let him in,' she echoed, still with her eyes on Gilbert."

Mrs. Rusk's voice faltered. She laid down the book.

"Well," said Rufus, starting.

"That is all," said Mrs. Rusk, visibly hardening herself.

"All!" Rufus's eyes wandered from the book to her and back again, and vaguely infected by her evident agitation. "Do you mean to tell me it clips off in that style?" he asked, uneasily.

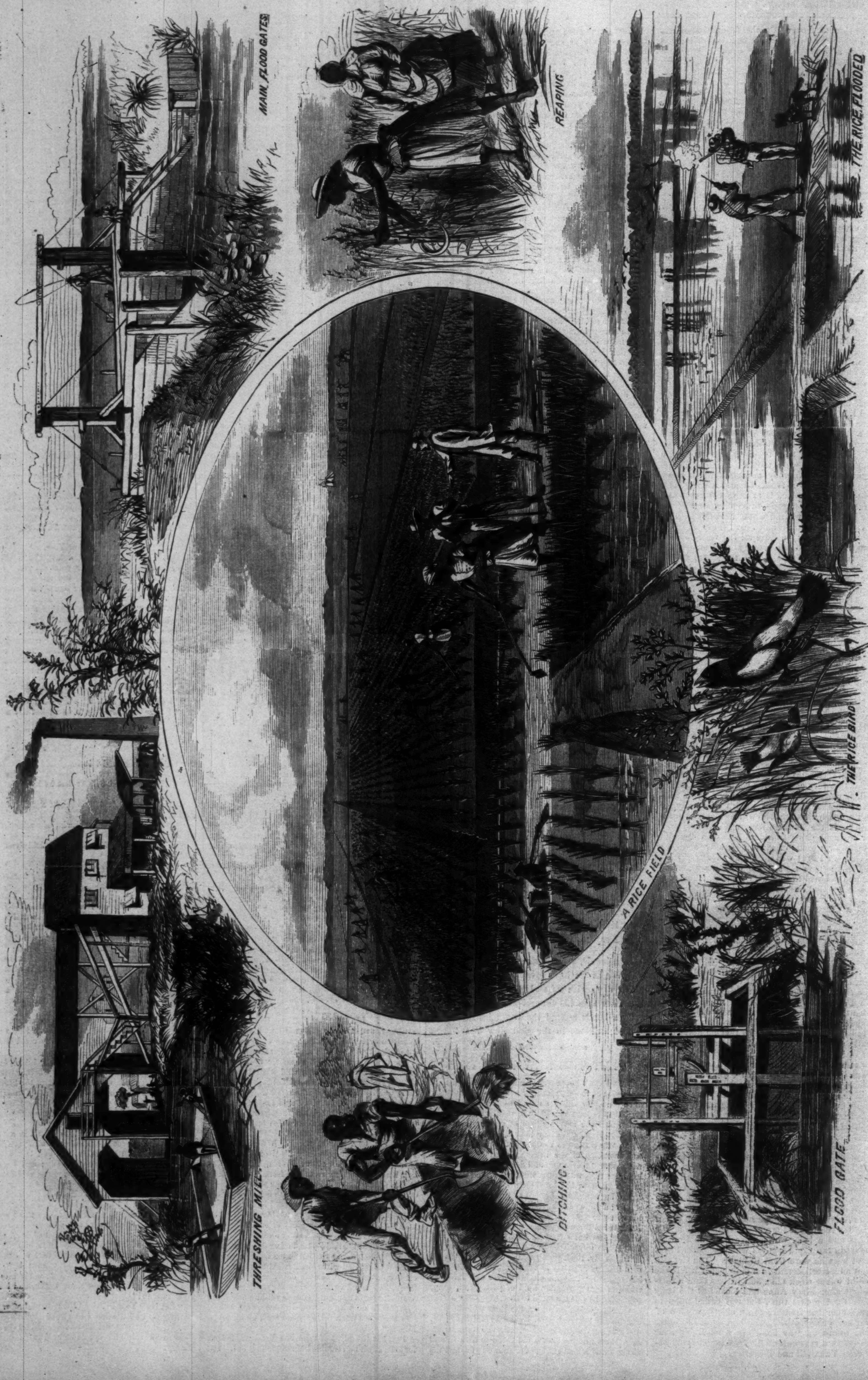
"I mean it ain't there, Rufus, not a word of it," answered Mrs. Rusk, trembling very much; "but it is here among us—in our hearts—and it is what you would say that must finish it: it is what you will say, Rufus, to—our Margy."

A sob sounded behind him. A woman, a girl she looked, she was so young and fair, came out from the shadow of a half-open door, holding a child; and not daring to approach him closer, stood there, beseeching him with her looks. Rufus rose up, and stood looking at her and the child with a set, stern face.

"It is you who must finish!" cried Mrs. Rusk again, "and you only. You know whether Gilbert let the New Year in, or whether he kept the Shadow to darken all his life—and you only. You know, Rufus, whether you will go on, growing hard and bitter, or whether there shall be the commencement of new hopes; and I am sure," breaking down into sobs, "that it was all put into my head in a flash, and that I never could have done it of myself, as I told Margy when she came here and begged me, that I shouldn't know what to say; and I didn't till you brought out Barbox Brothers, and then it all come to me how that some folks never have New Year at all, but go on always in the hard, old, angry year; and oh, Rufus! finish the story as I would have done if I could. Drive the Shadow out, and let the New Year in for your own sake—for all our sakes; and because the blessed Lord gives us this chance for a new start and new hopes."

Rufus made no answer, but his face was visibly softened. She held the child toward him, and when he did not take it, placed it on his arm, repeating, with tears, "Take him, Rufus, and let the New Year in!"

"Let New Year in!" babbled the child after her, putting up its little hand to stroke Rufus's rough cheek. Rufus bent and kissed him, and let the New Year in—a tear in his eye as he held out his hand to Margy.



RICE CULTURE ON THE OGEECHEE, NEAR SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 5.]

[See Page 5.]

THE EMPTY STOCKING.—DRAWN BY W. S. L. JEWETT.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

KATCHEN'S CAPRICES.

IN TEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VI.

It would be impossible to describe Josef Kester's anger and consternation when Katchen confessed to him the result of her interview with Ebner. He stormed and raved in one—the ungovernable and rare fits of fury which now and then broke the calm of his phlegmatic nature. And then, when his passion had spent itself, he tried to coax his wayward daughter. She had changed her mind once, and might change it again. But it was in vain.

"He spoke so harshly to me," said Katchen, taking refuge in an air of being injured.

"Harshly? And no wonder!"

"But he said such shameful things; called me cruel, and heartless, and dishonorable. If ever I could have made up my mind to have him, his words to-day would have cured me of such a notion."

This was not quite ingenuous on Katchen's part, seeing that she had found herself obliged to refuse him long before he had spoken those harsh words. I am sorry to have to record it, but I am trying to describe her as she really was. Besides, in her blind perversity, she actually began to think herself ill-used. Her father fell into the snare, and, dropping his attitude of attack, assumed the defensive, and commenced to excuse and justify Ebner.

"Why, it's natural enough, too. What do you think the man's made of? Angry! If a girl had treated *me* so, after drawing me on—"

"I did *not* draw him on, father. I never had any idea he wanted to marry me until he spoke. Why, had you yourself?"

"I told you I had. Of course I had. It seems odd to me that you could be so blind. You're quick enough generally. But all that is nothing to the purpose. What I go upon is, that you told me you would marry him. Told me so of your own will; and now you say 'No,' without rhyme or reason. But I understand well enough that that underhand fellow, Fritz Rosenheim, is at the bottom of it."

And then he subsided into a growling, half-audible tirade against Fritz; and Katchen sat silent and sullen by the stove, giving little heed to her father's words, but brooding over her own troubles.

The next day, Sunday, neither father nor daughter went to Hallstadt to church. Ebner's boatmen rowed up to the landing-place at the Golden Lamb, but were thanked and dismissed. Their master was not in the boat, but he was above forbidding his servants to go for the Kesters as usual. It was a dreary day within and without the Golden Lamb. That grimy quadruped creaked and moaned in the autumn blast. A dry choking dust blew in clouds over the empty desolate high-road, and the lake wore a livid hue, and broke with a dull splash on the shore. Dusky and dreary the day had dawned, dusky and dreary still it went down, with one lurid line of crimson in the western sky. Josef lit his pipe, and sat puffing cloud after cloud, until the glow of the burning tobacco in his pipe-bowl was the only thing visible in the dark kitchen, except such streaks of light as penetrated through the chinks of the stove. Katchen had taken out a hymn-book, and had read in it mechanically while the daylight lasted, but now she sat staring at her father's glowing pipe, and letting her thoughts go whithersoever they listed. And a wild dance they had of it, flying off to the unlikeliest things and places, but under all, like a pedal bass in a piece of music, was the drowning sense of pain and unrest.

"Hulloa! Are you all asleep here? No light? No welcome for a cold traveler?"

The cheery voice rang through the room, startling its inmates as if a bomb-shell had burst in their midst. Katchen, whose nerves were unstrung, gave a sharp squeak like a frightened mouse. Old Josef started up, nearly oversetting his chair.

"Who's there?" said he. But he had known the voice well enough.

"Who but I, Herr Landlord? Fritz Rosenheim, at your service. Shall I light the lamp? And where can I find a lantern? for I must stable my beast. He's warm, and the breeze from the lake cuts like a scythe."

Without waiting for permission, Fritz lit the great old-fashioned oil-lamp that stood ready trimmed on the dresser, and proceeded to search for the lantern, like one who knew the house well.

"Stable your beast!" echoed Josef, recovering himself a little. "Ay, you may stable him, and that's all, for the deuce a bit of provender you'll find to fill his belly with. There's mighty little entertainment at the Golden Lamb now for either man or beast."

"Don't fret about that, Herr Kester. I've brought the piebald's supper along with me from Altenau. I thought how it might likely be. Here's the old horn lantern at last, and here's an end of candle ready to put into it." And honest Fritz bustled out to see to his horse.

"Are you going to stay here, then?" asked Kester, who had been staring open-mouthed at these proceedings. But Fritz was already unharnessing the piebald, and did not hear the question.

"Well, that's cool," said Josef, turning sullenly to his daughter. "He must mean to stay here. Then there are no travelers with him. Small thanks for his coming. If he had had any rich foreigners to convoy, it's the Black Eagle and not the Golden Lamb that would have been honored by Herr Rosenheim's presence to-night."

"Of course it is!" answered Katchen, sharply. None quicker than she to detect unreason and injustice in other people. "How could we entertain rich travelers? Haven't you just told him that you hadn't even a mouthful of hay for his one horse? How would it have been if he had brought the team?"

"Hold your tongue, saucebox. It's my belief you knew he was coming, and that it was all settled between you."

"You know you don't really believe that, father," she answered. But the accusation scarcely angered her. It was rather soothing to feel that, in this instance, she was blamed quite wrongfully. Katchen did not mind being a victim up to a certain point, but she resented a merited rebuke with all the temper of a spoiled child. By-and-by Fritz's voice was heard shouting something; but the wind carried the words away.

"What is it?" asked Kester, standing shivering at the house door, and peering out into the night.

"Have you never a key to this outhouse where the cart stands?" bawled Fritz.

"A key? Thou dear Heaven! No; people don't want keys when they've nothing to lock up."

"Ay, but I *have* something to lock up, as it happens. See!" And he held the flickering lantern within the outhouse door, so as to show a light cart laden with luggage.

"How did you get the cart in?" asked Kester.

"Why, made the piebald back it in, before I unharnessed him. The door's wide enough. But I can't leave these things like this all night. They must be secured somehow."

"Oh," sneered Josef, "they're so very precious, are they?"

"Yes; that they are," replied Fritz, simply. "Whatever is in trust is precious. And these things are in trust to me. If you can't lock the door, I must sleep here all night along with them, that's all."

Kester began to relent. His sulky fits seldom lasted long, they gave him too much trouble, and he was yielding to the fascination of his old liking for Fritz, and the young fellow's pleasant straightforward manner.

"Nay, nay, we'll manage better than that," he said. "You would be found dead of cold in the morning. What are the things? Are they too heavy to be moved?"

"Not a bit too heavy; only I had a thundering long job strapping and packing them all on this morning, and I didn't want to have it to do over again. However," he added, after a glance at old Josef's helpless face, "its no use standing talking all night, is it? Hang the trouble! A little more, a little less, it won't kill me, I dare say. If you'll just be so good as hold the lantern, that's all I'll ask *you* to do."

And Fritz set to work energetically, undoing buckles and cords, and soon had the luggage unpacked.

"There! That was easier to undo than to do," said he, laughing, "and there ain't many things in this world a man can say that of." The packages consisted of two tolerably heavy trunks, and a small square box covered with leather. With the landlord's help Fritz dragged them all across the yard, and piled them in one corner of the kitchen; and then, after some ablutions performed in an adjoining back-chamber, he returned to sit down to whatever supper might be forthcoming. It was a better one than might have been expected from old Josef's cry of poverty; and over the meal Fritz Rosenheim related how and why he happened to be making that mountain journey so late in the year, with but one horse and no travelers. The foreign lady and gentleman with whom Laurier had traveled as courier, and whom Fritz had driven to Salzburg, had there met with some country-people of their own, and had given them a glowing account of the lake and mountain scenery on the route. So charmed were the ladies of the party with the description that they resolved on going by the same way to Ischl.

"They had too much luggage for a carriage to take," said Fritz, "so they wanted part of it sent on by carrier. They were not staying at the Golden Cross in Salzburg, or I dare say I should have got the job of driving them to Ischl; but I know the Kutscher employed by their landlord, he's one Hans Koch, a good sort of fellow. He came to me one night, and said that if I liked to undertake it the landlord of the Archduke Charles, where these foreigners were staying, would employ me to convey the heavy boxes to the hotel at Ischl. Of course I said 'Yes.' It don't do to let a chance of a job slip; especially as these are about the last travelers we shall see till next summer. The roads are getting very bad, as it is. I thought I never should pull up that last hill just before you come to Altenau, and my load's none so heavy, either. However, here I am, safe and sound, and the worst is over. You see I was a little anxious, because they specially warned me that that little leathern box had valuables in it, and of course—"

He stopped abruptly. Happening to look up, he had caught Liese's lacklustre eyes fixed unwinkingly on his face. She was drinking in his words in her dull slow way, but with an eager interest apparent in her heavy countenance.

"Good-evening, Liese," said Fritz. "I didn't see you before."

"No; I've only just come in. Just this minute I was up at the saw-mill with Heinrich Amsel's mother. You were talking, and didn't hear me come in. I don't know what you were saying."

The last sentence was a piece of characteristically clumsy cunning. Rosenheim laughed.

"Well, then," said he, "you must have grown deaf since I saw you last, Liese. However, I was not talking any great secrets."

But he did not resume the subject he had been speaking of; and presently, when supper was over, and the two women had washed and put by the plates and dishes, Liese went off to bed, saying she was tired; and her broad, heavily shod feet were heard making the old wooden staircase creak beneath their tread.

"I think our Liese is a great fool," said old Josef, without taking his pipe from between his teeth.

Fritz looked up with an amused smile, and knocked the ash off the end of his cigar against the stove, as he answered, "Well, I don't just think she's the wisest woman in the world myself."

"No; but she's a great fool in one special thing. She's always with those Amsels up at the saw-mill. They're a bad lot, mother and son. Heinrich is a wood-cutter by trade, but four days out of six he is not at work in the forest at all. He just hangs about here and there and every where, skulking like a fox; and Liese is with him every spare moment she has."

"But I thought she was betrothed to him," said Fritz.

"Didn't I *say* she was a great fool?" retorted the old man.

Then he bade Katchen get to bed, and hung his smoked-out pipe by its green cord on a nail—an infallible signal of his being ready to go to rest. Katchen took up her little copper lamp with its wick floating in oil, and said, "Good-night!" tripping up stairs with a step which her love-troubles had not yet robbed of its spring.

"What a light footfall she has!" said Fritz, listening.

But Josef only grunted. He declined to say a word having his daughter for its subject. He never would speak of her to Fritz. In truth, he knew that if once led into that topic, the young man would openly avow his love, and ask him to sanction his wooing. It would doubtless have been the right course for old Kester to speak frankly to Fritz Rosenheim, or at least, if he would not do that, to have kept his daughter out of the young fellow's way. But the right course is seldom quite an easy one; and Josef Kester never voluntarily faced a difficulty, mental, moral, or physical. So he grunted, as aforesaid, and was in a mighty hurry to see the lights out, and get to his bed. Fritz shouldered the little leather-covered case to carry it to his sleeping-room.

"The big trunks," said he, "would not be easy to walk off with in the night, but I shall feel better pleased to have this small box by my bedside."

"Pooh!" said Kester, "what whim has bitten you? Did you ever hear of any thing being walked off, as you call it, hereabouts?"

"No; but it's as well to be on the safe side. If the things were my own I wouldn't be afraid to leave them out there in the shed. Good-night."

"I suppose you'll be starting early, Fritz?"

"As early as I can. The daylight doesn't last long now."

"Good-night, lad."

And the two separated, each to his rest.

CHAPTER VII.

The following morning was dull and cloudy, and there was a feeling in the air, and a look in the sky, that betokened a fall of snow before long. Katchen dressed herself almost in the dark, and groped her way down stairs to the kitchen. There was no fire in the stove, and no preparation for breakfast. "That lazy, hulking Liese," said Katchen to herself; "to think of her not being down yet! I'll rouse her to some tune in a minute." But, even as she spoke, she perceived that the house door had been unbolted, and was partly open. "Why, she's gone out, then!" exclaimed the girl, in a startled tone. "Where can she be?" She was advancing toward the door when it was opened from without, and Liese entered, followed by Fritz. "Where have you been at this hour?" asked Katchen, in the imperious way habitual to her.

"Don't you see? To get wood. There wasn't enough to fill the stove."

Liese spoke sullenly, and threw down a great log with a bang on the stone floor. She was panting, and her shoes were covered with dust.

"You've been running yourself out of breath, I declare," said Katchen, gazing at her in astonishment. "You don't usually do things in such a hurry. However, it's as well that you are in a humor to make haste this morning. Be quick with breakfast."

Fritz, meanwhile, had been busied in putting on a new lash to his whip, glancing furtively at Katchen whenever he thought she did not observe him. "I am early, too, this morning," said he, coming forward when Liese had lit the fire, and was making a great clatter of preparation in the scullery. "I went to have a look at the piebald. He's all right."

"Oh!" said Katchen, languidly. "Yes; he's all right."

Katchen was absorbed in measuring out the coffee. Fritz came close to her, and she felt his arm enfold her waist. "Won't you give a pleasant word to a fellow?" said he, piteously.

"How dare you do that?" exclaimed Katchen, turning to transfix him with a haughty stare which would have done credit to a duchess.

Fritz dropped his arm as if Katchen's little waist had been red hot. "Dare!" said he, and the blood rushed up into his brown face. "I did not mean to offend you, Mam'sell Katarina, but it seems that we can't get on together at all. When I am away from you I long for nothing so much as the moment when I shall see you again; and yet when we do meet, somehow it's all wretched. It does seem hard."

Now Katchen had not meant to be taken quite *au pied de la lettre* when she asked Fritz how he dared to put his arm round her. It was simply a piece of coquetry. She had been feeling quite lofty with a sense of the sacrifice she had made of Herr Ebner on Fritz's behalf. She had persuaded herself that she had given up wealth and station all for his sake, and had meant to dazzle him, by-and-by, with a glimpse of her magnanimous behavior. And now, here he was beginning by being aggrieved and hardly treated. Fritz was always so provokingly in earnest, and though he could not be aware that Katchen had refused Ebner's offer, she was as perversely angry with him as though he had already known all about it.

"Indeed!" said she, coldly. "Then if it's all wretched, as you say, I think it a pity that we do meet at all."

"Oh, don't say that, Katchen! Why *should* it be all wretched? It need not be if you would only—"

"Oh, thank you. Of course it's my fault. I am sorry that I happen to be so disagreeable in your eyes, but really I don't know how to help that."

"Disagreeable in my eyes! But you know that's just nonsense, Katchen. I've told you how much I love you often enough to make you believe me, if telling would do it; but I think—I do think it shouldn't be quite all on one side. If you care for me I have a right to say that much, Katarina."

"All on one side! Thou dear Heaven! Ungrateful, insensible creature! What do you endure for my sake in comparison with the sacrifices I make on your account? The greater fool I!"

"You make sacrifices for me, Katchen? I know I'm not your equal in many things; but I know, too, that a real, honest heart is worth something to any woman who knows how to prize it."

"And do you think yours is the only heart in the world? I can tell you, Mr. Modesty, that I could have had a heart perhaps as honest as yours, if I hadn't been a fool and thought more of you than you merit."

"What do you mean, Katarina? You *must* tell me now." Fritz's voice trembled, and his sun-burnt cheek grew pale with the strong effort to preserve his self-command. "Are you thinking of that man at the Black Eagle? Do you believe that he would marry you?"

"Believe it! I know it. He implored me to be his wife. I might have been rich—a lady—and father would have been provided for; but I said no."

"And why did you say no?" asked Rosenheim, with his teeth set and his chest heaving.

"Why did I say no?" Katchen was furious. Was this the reception due to the announcement of her noble conduct? She did not reflect how she had been goading and irritating her lover into anger.

"I said no because I was absurd enough to think it would make you happy; but I see now how foolish I have been."

There was a minute's pause. The two young people stood opposite each other, she flushed and excited, he pale, stern, deeply hurt. At length he spoke:

"Well, Katchen, I am truly sorry that I have been the obstacle in your path. I'm too sincere in my feelings toward you to say that I wish you to marry another man. I ought to, perhaps, but I fairly can not. Only I'm grieved to the heart that you should ever have been hampered with a poor clumsy fellow like me, that has neither money nor land to offer you. And since—since you seem to repent what you have done, I'll leave you at liberty now and forever. You shall not have Fritz Rosenheim to blot out the sunshine from you." Katchen was now standing at the window which looked on the lake, and had her head turned away from her lover. "Of course if you cared for me—ever so little," pursued Fritz, "that would alter the case; but you don't; I can see that." A pause. "You don't care for me," repeated the poor young fellow, with so wistful a look that, if Katchen could have seen it, her obstinate perversity must surely have melted away. But she did not see it. She kept her head turned from him toward the lake, and vouchsafed no answer. And in another minute it was too late to give any, for old Kester came hurrying down, and the breakfast was hastily set on the table.

The meal was taken almost in silence. Fritz was usually full of talk and mirth, but his light-heartedness had been effectually subdued; and Kester was dull and preoccupied. At last Fritz rose up with a great sigh, which came out unawares, and made him color the moment afterward.

"I must see to putting the luggage up," said he. "Will you mind giving a lift with the boxes, Liese?"

Liese's help was very different from old Kester's. She swung up one end of the great trunks as easily as Fritz himself carried the other, and the boxes were soon placed in the cart. Then came the strapping and cording. Fritz had had plenty of experience in such matters, but it nevertheless took some time to accomplish; for he was careful and anxious. The large trunks were put in first, and the small square box strongly secured on the top of them. Fritz went into the house to pay his score, and looked eagerly round the kitchen to see if Katchen would not vouchsafe one word, even one look, to soften his regret. No, she was not to be seen. There was no one but old Kester, in one of his most depressed moods. When Fritz brought out the piebald from the stable to harness him, he found Liese still busy about the cart, giving some finishing touches to the cords and straps.

"Let be—let be, Liese," said he. "It's all right and safe enough. I'll warrant any knot of my tying to hold fast." And he tossed her a piece of money as he mounted into his seat. "Good-by, Herr Kester!" he cried out, and the old man came to the door.

"Oh, you'll be passing back again soon, Fritz Rosenheim."

"Well, no; I think not. It's likely I shall go from Ischl by the Traun-see to Grunnden, and then—who knows?—perhaps even to Vienna. You won't see me again very soon I'm thinking."

"Well, take care of yourself. I hope we sha'n't have snow before nightfall. You have a heavy load."

"Ay," said Fritz, as he drove out of the little yard and urged his horse along briskly; "ay, a heavy load, as you say. Not that the boxes are so much of a load, but I can understand now what folks mean when they talk of being heavy-hearted. My heart feels such a weight in my breast that I almost wonder the piebald can drag it behind him."

CHAPTER VIII.

More than a week passed away, uncomfortably enough, at the Golden Lamb. Kester's prediction about the snow had been verified. It had begun to fall on the evening of the day on which Fritz went away. But inside the house things looked yet more chill and dreary. Josef had accused his daughter of indulging in more "moonshine" with Rosenheim. He suspected that that hour they had been together in the early morning had been spent in love-making. But, to his amazement, Katchen informed him that she and Fritz were thenceforth to be as strangers; that it was clear he did not really love her; that she cared nothing for him; and that so it was best that they each go their separate ways, and forget any absurd love-passages which might have taken place between them. Katchen spoke with a flippant laugh and an assumption of her old spoiled-child manner; but the effort was visibly a hard one. Josef was dumbfoundered. All along, since the final rejection of Ebner, he had had a secret conviction that he should have at last to accept Fritz for a son-in-law; and, though he grumbled, his easy-going nature had begun to accustom itself to the idea. He liked Fritz. He had done his best for Katchen. If she would be headstrong, was he to make himself miserable about it? But now the news he heard fairly bewildered him.

"Good Heaven above us!" said he, "who ever heard the like? Why, I believed in my soul that you refused Ebner mainly on that young fellow's account."

"So I did," said Katchen, quickly.

"You did? You own that you did; and after giving up the best prospect ever girl had on account of this lover you go and throw *him* over as well! It's madness. Just stark staring madness, that's all I can say. God help you when I'm gone, my lass; for, as true as I'm a living man, I believe you'll never have such another chance."

And that was all the comfort Katchen got from her father. But her own conscience said yet harder things to her. And these she had to listen to day by day, at all hours. In the dull gray mornings, amidst her household work, and mixed up with the whirr of the great spinning-wheel, or the click of the knitting-needles, she had to listen to these harsh truths, and to confess her faults with bitter self-upbraiding. For now that Fritz seemed gone forever, she knew that she loved him, and that he had loved her a thousand times better than she deserved. Perhaps, poor, perverse, spoiled child that she was, there needed some such grief and some such parting to open her eyes to the truth. In spite of her vanity, and frivolity, and coquetry, she had a heart, as I have said before, and she suffered very really. She had not the relief of speaking of her sorrow. A remnant of willful pride prevented her from confiding in her father; for she believed that Fritz must be wearied out with her caprices, and that his love would not be able to survive her unreasonable cruelty.

"Of course he will forget me in time," she said to herself, "and he will fall in love with some other girl, who will know how to value him. But I know how to value him now, and I love him too, only it is too late. Too late."

It must not be supposed that Ebner had resigned all hope of winning Katchen from the result of that one interview by the lake. His anger had gone, but his love remained. He came down to the Golden Lamb two days after Fritz's departure, and found Katchen alone. She was pale and weary, tired in body after a hard day's work, and she sat by the stove in the winter twilight, while great hot tears kept falling every now and then on the coarse worsted stocking she was knitting. Ebner could not see her distinctly in the dim light, but the tone of her voice, as she greeted him, betrayed that she was not herself.

"Are you not well, Mam'sell Katerina?" asked Ebner, anxiously.

"Oh yes; quite well, only a little tired."

And then by degrees Caspar Ebner began to renew his suit, accusing himself of having been harsh and hasty, and pleading for forgiveness. Katchen answered straightforwardly enough now. She was made sympathetic to another's sorrow by the pain in her own heart.

"Oh, Herr Ebner, you were only too good to me. I am not worthy of it. But I want you to believe that I didn't mean to deceive you."

"I am sure of it, Katchen. And now can't you think better of it, and say that one kind word that shall make me so happy."

But this Katchen could not do: and the refusal was more difficult to her now than it had been before. Ebner pleaded as best he could, asking not for love such as he offered, only for kindness and confidence. He would wait for the rest. Then Katchen took a resolution.

"Herr Ebner," she said, firmly, though her pale face grew scarlet from brow to chin, "I have no love to give you. I love some one else with all my heart."

"Katchen," said he, after a moment's silence, "when you spoke to me before you told me you were beloved, but you did not say you loved. Am I to believe you false-tongued after all?"

"I didn't know it myself then," answered the girl, simply. Many more words passed between them, but Ebner seemed to lose the hope he had held fast by from the first. Katchen's feeling was too real and strong to be simulated. He perceived that she was in earnest now, whatever might have been her former giddiness. Strange to say, it never recurred to him to guess who the favored lover might be. There was not a servant about the Black Eagle but could have given him the information, but Caspar Ebner was not a man to talk to his servants on such a matter. So he went out from Katchen's presence that evening, unwillingly convinced that his suit was hopeless, but ignorant of the name of his rival. After all, what did it matter? If Katchen were determined not to love *him*, what did any thing matter? Before the end of the week, however, came news which caused a great

deal of excitement in Gossau, and even Caspar Ebner found that his misplaced attachment had by no means deprived daily life of its interest and savor. There came a message to Josef Kester from Fritz Rosenheim, importing that a great misfortune had befallen the latter. The leather-covered box had been lost or stolen, and search and inquiry were to be made for it all along the road. It was an unusual, almost an unprecedented circumstance, and made a great stir in the village. Every one knew, and most people liked, Fritz Rosenheim, and the tale flew like wildfire. The peasant—a rough carter—who had brought the message to Kester was lionized and cross-examined all day long. The demand for beer at the Golden Lamb was greater than it had been for years past, and in spite of his sympathy with Fritz's trouble old Kester enjoyed the bustle and importance of his position.

"How was it, then, Hans!" asked a neighbor, making the twentieth time the question had been put that morning.

"Nobody knows. If they did, no need of all this bother," was Hans's sententious answer.

"But I mean, how does he *think* it happened? There are no thieves hereabouts, and any thing lost would be sure to be given back to the owner."

"Oh, *would* it?" said Hans. "Then it's all right."

In this laborious way—but surely if vanity feels no pain, curiosity heeds no trouble—bit by bit, the story was dragged from Hans; and this was his account. Fritz Rosenheim had reached Ischl after nightfall, on the evening of the day on which he left Gossau. The snow had been falling for some hours, and man and horse were stiff and cold and weary. Fritz had driven into the court-yard of the inn, and dismounted, leaving his horse and cart to the care of a friendly hostler. But it was not long before—being revived by warmth and meat and drink, he had visited the stable to look first at his beast, and then gone to the great room next the porter's lodge on the ground-floor, where the luggage was deposited. Picture his consternation at finding only two packages! The leather-covered box was gone. All inquiries and examination elicited the same statement from the servants. There had been but the two black trunks on the cart when Fritz arrived. The testimony of the waiters, the porter, and the hostler, was positive on this point.

"Indeed," said the man who had helped Fritz down, and afterward unharnessed the piebald, "I did notice that the top cord was very loose, and seemed a deal too long; but the boxes were secured by straps, so I thought it was all right enough."

Poor Rosenheim was like one distracted. The travelers to whom the luggage belonged had not yet arrived at Ischl, but they were expected daily, and how should he face them? How face the landlord of the Archduke Charles at Salzburg, who had trusted him? The people of the inn at Ischl tried to cheer him. The box had most likely dropped on the road, and been unheard falling on the soft snow. In that case it would be restored as soon as possible. The people were mostly honest enough in those parts. Every inquiry should be made. But, up to the time of Hans's arrival at Gossau, no tidings had been heard of the missing box. Caspar Ebner had come down to the Golden Lamb when the rumor reached him, and stood listening to Hans with the rest. There was a chorus of comments, sugestions, and exclamations. All at once Liese muttered,

"Perhaps Fritz himself knows more about the box than any one else. He was mighty careful of it when he was here."

"That's a lie, whoever said it," exclaimed Ebner, turning quickly round. "Fritz Rosenheim, whom I have known from a child, is as honest in word and deed as the honestest man in Gossau. I wonder any body should have the heart to cast a stone at him in his trouble."

If he had but known how near Katchen came to loving him at that moment! Liese scowled, and lanched what she thought to be a poisoned arrow in reply:

"Oh, I know one mustn't say a word against him here," said she. "I forgot he was Katchen's sweetheart."

That was the first revelation Ebner had as to who was his rival. But he answered stanchly and almost instantly,

"Not a word shall be said against him here or any where else, while I am by to defend him. I have known and employed Fritz Rosenheim for years, and, I repeat, he is incapable of dishonesty in word or deed."

Katchen walked up to him before them all, with streaming eyes, took his hand and kissed it. It is a common mark of respect in that country from inferiors to superiors. "You're a good man," said she, with a great sob. This little scene made a hush in the crowded kitchen. All eyes were fixed on Katchen, but she did not seem to heed them. She was not thinking of herself at all. Presently the neighbors began to disperse. Not that they had by any means satiated their curiosity; but it seemed that Hans was becoming more and more hopelessly laconic under the influence of the vast potations of beer to which they had treated him with the idea of making him talk. And, besides, they had now fresh food for gossip, which could not be discussed there. It was a memorable day for the scandal-mongers of Gossau.

WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

OFF SANDY HOOK, ON BOARD THE "HENRIETTA."

Dear Weekly:

I left the New York Yacht Club House last Tuesday, as you know, on board the steamer *River Queen*, to join our fellows on the (my friend Mr. BENNETT'S) yacht *Henrietta*. Of course, going down the bay, some of us aboard of the steamer being nautical fellows, made observations, some of them not altogether complimentary to the chaps that hadn't the pluck to sail in their own canoes across the pond; but, as I said before, we all made and took several observations; they passed the glasses to me, and I took one or two myself. The weather being cold and stormy without, it became necessary for us to brace up inside by taking a few "bumpers" aboard, as I have seen many a fine craft have their ribs seriously damaged by not being properly supplied with "bumpers." At the table on board of the steamer, going down, things were a little unsteady, and Commodore BENNETT'S bottle, being empty, tipped over. He thought it a bad omen that his should turn over while the others didn't, and he was about to "go back on the boys." I told him it was easily accounted for: his bottle was drunk. This created some laughter, and the chap who writes for one of the comic papers patted me on the back and said it was a good joke. If you, dear *Weekly*, can see a joke in it I shall think there is one.

Leaving Trinity Church steeple, Castle Garden, and other fortifications in the distance, we arrived at Stapleton, and there was the *Henrietta*, sitting on the waves like a duck, and, indeed, from the amount of sail on deck, you might say a canvas-back. We steamed up to her, when Commodore BENNETT, myself, and a few other plucky fellows got aboard. For what happened after that I must refer to my Log.

10.45 A.M.—The crew now began weighing anchor; the exact weight I did not note, but, judging from the pulling, it must have been pretty heavy. After the anchor was weighed we were taken in tow by a tug, as were the *Vesta* and *Fleetwing*, when we all steamed for Sandy Hook, on our way to hunt for the "Needles." I took a look out on the ocean, and I should say it was a worse job than hunting for them in a hay-stack. The Commodore and myself went below to see that the wines and things were carefully packed away. Each of us packed away a little wine ourselves.

11.15 A.M.—We have now reached the "Buoy" off the Hook. Mr. BENNETT suggests that we all get ready. I go to the side of the yacht and unpack some of the things I took aboard coming down on the steamer. A sailor comes along with a mop, and tells me to "Go to lu'ard." I had never heard of the place. Couldn't go if I had; I was too sick.

10.50 A.M.—Wind getting high; but our Commodore, having been so long connected with the newspaper press, was used to "heavy blowing," so the mate told me. The sails now began to go up. Heard the fellows hallooing out, "Set the foresail!" I just wished they could set me, for I felt completely upset by the rough treatment I received at the hands of old Neptune. Not more so, however, than was a chap on board the tug, who was making some water-color sketches for one of the pictorial papers as the Captain shouted out,

"LET GO THE PAINTER!"

when one of the Irish deck-hands, in less time than I am telling you, heaved the poor artist, sketches and all, into the Bay. We got him out, however, after considerable difficulty, but his water colors were never secured. After having the little mistake explained to him he felt perfectly wet, if not satisfied.

1 P.M.—Captain Fearing shouts "Go!" and the men upon deck are hallooing back to one another for each one to do something, when the men on the back part of the boat run to the forward part, and those forward run back, after which they all get still. The Commodore coming down stairs assists me in

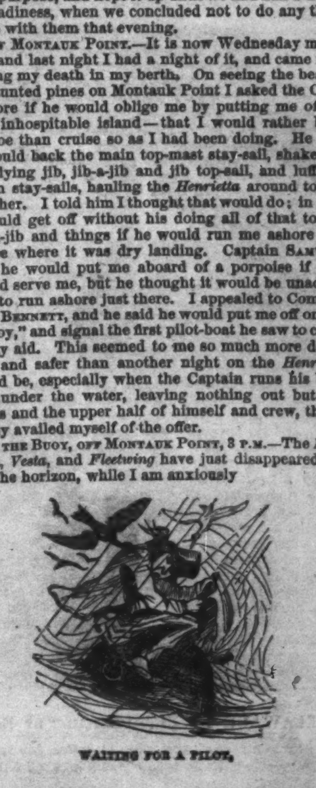
PACKING AWAY THE THINGS.

2 P.M.—The *Henrietta* began heading for old Long Island's sea-girt shore. The sailing-master told me that whenever she passed a small inlet or creek she immediately bore away toward it. He accounts for it by saying she mistakes places like that for "Plum Gut." We have now sailed for an hour, but I begin to think *you can* have too much of a good thing. However, I go to bed. The yacht gives a lurch; the Commodore says we ran across the bar; and there is a scarcity of water there, which is the cause of the pitching. I thought how like it is to life on shore: when a fellow runs across a "bar" too often in a day he soon begins to roll and pitch, and especially if he experiences a *scarcity of water there*.

6 P.M.—The Commodore waking me up to supper. At supper he told me we were out on the wide ocean, and that we had better write something and put it in some bottles and throw them overboard. I thought it a good idea; and we began emptying bottles for that purpose, and kept it up until we had half a dozen in readiness, when we concluded not to do any thing more with them that evening.

OFF MONTAUK POINT.—It is now Wednesday morning, and last night I had a night of it, and came near having my death in my berth. On seeing the beautiful stunted pines on Montauk Point I asked the Commodore if he would oblige me by putting me off on that inhospitable island—that I would rather be a Crusoe than cruise so as I had been doing. He said he could back the main top-mast stay-sail, shake out the flying jib, jib-a-jib and jib top-sail, and luff the storm stay-sails, hauling the *Henrietta* around to the weather. I told him I thought that would do; in fact, I would get off without his doing all of that to the jib-a-jib and things if he would run me ashore any where where it was dry landing. Captain SAMUELS said he would put me aboard of a porpoise if that would serve me, but he thought it would be unadvisable to run ashore just there. I appealed to Commodore BENNETT, and he said he would put me off on the "Buoy," and signal the first pilot-boat he saw to come to my aid. This seemed to me so much more desirable and safer than another night on the *Henrietta* would be, especially when the Captain runs his boat half under the water, leaving nothing out but the masts and the upper half of himself and crew, that I gladly availed myself of the offer.

ON THE BUOY, OFF MONTAUK POINT, 3 P.M.—The *Henrietta*, *Vesta*, and *Fleetwing* have just disappeared below the horizon, while I am anxiously


WAITING FOR A PILOT.

as I have read in geographies that this is a dangerous coast at night, and that I shall not attempt to land while the wind is blowing so.

4.30 P.M.—Ha! ha! The pilot-boat *Good Boy* sees me; the captain makes a tack for me; he sends two men off in a small boat; I make violent demonstrations of joy. The men in the small boat get frightened, and row back and get their guns, after which they come and take me. On reaching the pilot-boat I learn with joy that she is leaking badly, and is making for New York as fast as possible.

MIDNIGHT.—Arrive at Castle Garden after six hours of hard pumping. The Agent of the Emigrant Dépôt refuses to let me out, on account of my excited appearance. He believes me a European criminal; but the captain of the *Good Boy* gets me clear by morning. I am now at home. I hope the yachters are happy in their search after "Cowes," for I am happy in being at home and remaining, dear *Weekly*,

Your own C. O. W.

P.S.—Con. by a chap who didn't go to "Cowes:" Why are the gentlemen who made the ocean yacht race like good business men?—Because they believe in large sails and small profits!

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

STANDING midway between Christmas and New Year's, we would anticipate 1867 with a hearty greeting to our friends of "Happy New Year!" trusting that among all other wished-for blessings a bright and sunny sky, streets *minus* ice or mud, with the elements in a "happy medium," may gladden both gentlemen and ladies on the "opening" day. What bewailing and lamentation there will be if the sterner sex tarnish the polish of their French boots while braving a pitiless storm! and how chagrined the ladies *will* feel if they receive only *half* as many calls as they did last year!

New-Year's Day—according to a fortunate custom—is a most happy time for reviving waning friendship, and for cementing broken ones. Let all remember this, and suffer by-gones—if they have been unpleasant ones—to be by-gones.

And the joyousness of Christmas yet lingers. The eager anticipation of juvenile hearts reaches a climax when the bright glitter of the bending Christmas-Tree flashes upon their dazzled eyes. But delightful as is the burdened tree, there is infinite fun and merriment in all the preparations which precede it. Christmas is pre-eminently the children's festival—and who does not love children well enough to sympathize heartily in their fresh and warm delight? For our part, we do.

What more charmingly amusing than to visit the holiday-attired shops, attended by an enthusiastic boy of twelve and a young lady of five years? Curious, isn't it, to notice when and where their separate pairs of peepers grow biggest? The queer candy baskets and canes, sugar hearts, dogs, pistols, roosters, cats, boots, bonnets, and babies, and confectionery made up in every possible and impossible shape, are marvelous indeed, and numerous "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" interspersed with, "Wouldn't *that* be pretty for Lucy?" and "Don't you think Ettie would like that beautiful sugar bird?" testify their enthusiasm. But the boy's eyes grow two sizes larger as we come to a shop where velocipedes, rocking-horses, locomotives, foot-balls, gay harnesses with little tinkling bells, pop-guns, puzzles, whips, whistles, marbles, and numberless things of wonderful construction but of unknown names are exhibited in attractive confusion. While bewildered little Alice stands, with wide-extended eyes and parted lips, at the astounded sight of a huge window filled with dolls seated on an inclined-plane-arrangement, in tiers, after the fashion of the Cecilian Choir in Steinway Hall—only they are not all *boys*. And *such* dolls! Dolls in full-dress, and dolls in undress—with hats and without hats—with hair and without—dolls with turning heads, and dolls with stiff necks—dolls that can shut their eyes, and dolls that can't—dolls that will say "Mamma," and dolls that won't—walking dolls, and wax dolls, and china, and wooden, and rubber, and —well, it is of no use—there is no end to the subject! But didn't we have a time to coax the small child from the window? Verily we thought we should be obliged to order one of each kind to satisfy her ladyship.

And when, at length, we were cozily at home, secure from the perils of shopping, and the packages had followed us, what queer little efforts to keep *this* a secret from mamma—to hide *that* bundle from papa! what whispered injunctions of "Don't let Kate know!"—sudden warnings of "You must not tell!"—knowing nods and winks, with the suppressed "You know what!" To all of which, of course, the older folks are deaf and blind, and are enveloped in a sublime unconsciousness!

But if the above-mentioned small specimen (and many others too) did not let more than one "cat out of the bag" before Christmas we are mistaken. But she fancied she kept the strings tight, and a jolly time she had, generously spending her stock of "my pennies," to which she unconsciously received secret additions from older sharers of her childlike joy. Scores of children will, like her, long remember "Merry Christmas" with sparkling eyes and happy hearts.

At the recent commemoration of the Sixty-second Anniversary of the New York Historical Society, the Rev. Dr. Osgood delivered an address upon "New York in the Nineteenth Century." Among various interesting facts mentioned in a contrast drawn between the New York of 1801 and 1866, it was stated that in 1801 a genteel house could be rented for $200 a year, and a genteel family could live on $750 per annum, when it now took from $6000 to $10,000. Taxes were then about one-half of one per cent. on the valuation of the property of the city. In 1801 the taxation amounted to $17,000; now it amounts to $17,000,000. The city has now 50,000 dwellings. Her manufactured products amounted in 1865 to $159,000,000, or nearly one-eleventh of the entire manufactures of the country. Her receipts from customs last year were over $100,000,000. It was also shown from certain unpublished statistics that there are in this city 2½ regiments of boiler-makers, 4 regiments of butchers, 1½ regiments of brokers, 3 regiments of shoemakers, 4½ regiments of cartmen, 17½ regiments of clerks, ½ regiment of clergymen, 9½ regiments of dress-makers, 1 regiment of engineers, 3½ regiments of laundresses, 1½ regiments of lawyers, 1 regiment of grocers, 6 regiments of merchants, 3 regiments of mechanics, 1 regiment of musicians, 1½ regiments of physicians, 33 regiments of servants, 10 regiments of tailors, 1 regiment of ship-carpenters, and 100,000 school children.

There are indications that ladies may have some difficulty in obtaining a sufficient quantity of false hair to supply what seems, by the present fashion, to be a deficiency of nature. A most peculiar decree has been issued by the Municipal Council of the Department of Correge, France. That august assembly met recently in high council, and decided that the practice so prevalent of late years for the young women of Normandy and of Brittany to sell their hair in the market-places of their respective villages was highly immoral, and therefore passed a statute forbidding the practice. The custom has been that those who wished to dispose of their *chevelure* should wear bright ribbons in their *chignon*, which were synonymous with the words, "Look at my hair, it is for sale." Hair-vendors were then privileged to go up to the girl, untie the ribbons, examine the hair, and bargain as to its price. As soon as this knotty point was decided the purchaser, armed with scissors, cut off his merchandise, leaving but a few short curls in front.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A MAN TROUBLED WITH FELONS ON HIS HANDS.

SQUARING THE CIRCLE.—According to Cocker, although it is impossible to square a circle, it is extremely possible to get round a Square. Moreover, a round sum is often the best thing for the squaring of accounts.

A LIGHT EMPLOYMENT—Making candles.

TAKINGS.

He took her fancy when he came,
He took her hand, he took a kiss,
He took no notice of the shame
That glowed her happy cheek at this.

He took to come of afternoons,
He took an oath he'd ne'er deceive,
He took her master's silver spoons,
And after that he took his leave.

WANTED.—A gilder to frame a speech.

MEDICAL.—Annuitants are subject to a pecul[illegible] ady knowu as the long-liver complaint.

GEOGRAPHY.

OLD SPANKEM. "Now, boys, who can tell me where pearls are found?"
YOUTHFUL WIT. "I can, Sir: in *divers* places.

Why is Athens like a worn-out shoe?—Because it once had a Solon.

LATEST FROM OUR ASTRONOMER.—The speed of a meteor appears to exceed the speed of an express; for observers of the phenomena last November universally state that falling stars left trains far behind.

RARE-BITS.—Hairs (hares) in the hash.

A QUERY.—A friend of ours, who has seen a good many presentations of plate, wishes to know whether the speeches made on such occasions are the origin of the word "plate-itudes."

Said a gentleman on presenting a lace collar to his idolitrada, "Do not let any one else rumple it." "No, dear, I'll take it off," retorted the naughty beauty.

DRESSING THE DOLL.

This is the way we dress the doll:
First you observe her little chemise,
As white as milk, with ruches of silk;
And the little drawers that cover her knees,
As she sits or stands, with golden bands,
And lace in beautiful filagrees.
Bless the doll, you may press the doll,
But do not crumple or mess the doll.
This is the way we dress the doll.

Now these are the bodies—she has two;
One of pink, with ruches blue,
And sweet white lace; be careful, do!
And one of green, with buttons sheen,
Buttons and bands of gold, I ween,
With lace on the border, in lovely order,
The most expensive we can afford her!
Bless the doll, you may press the doll,
But do not crumple or mess the doll.
This is the way we dress the doll.

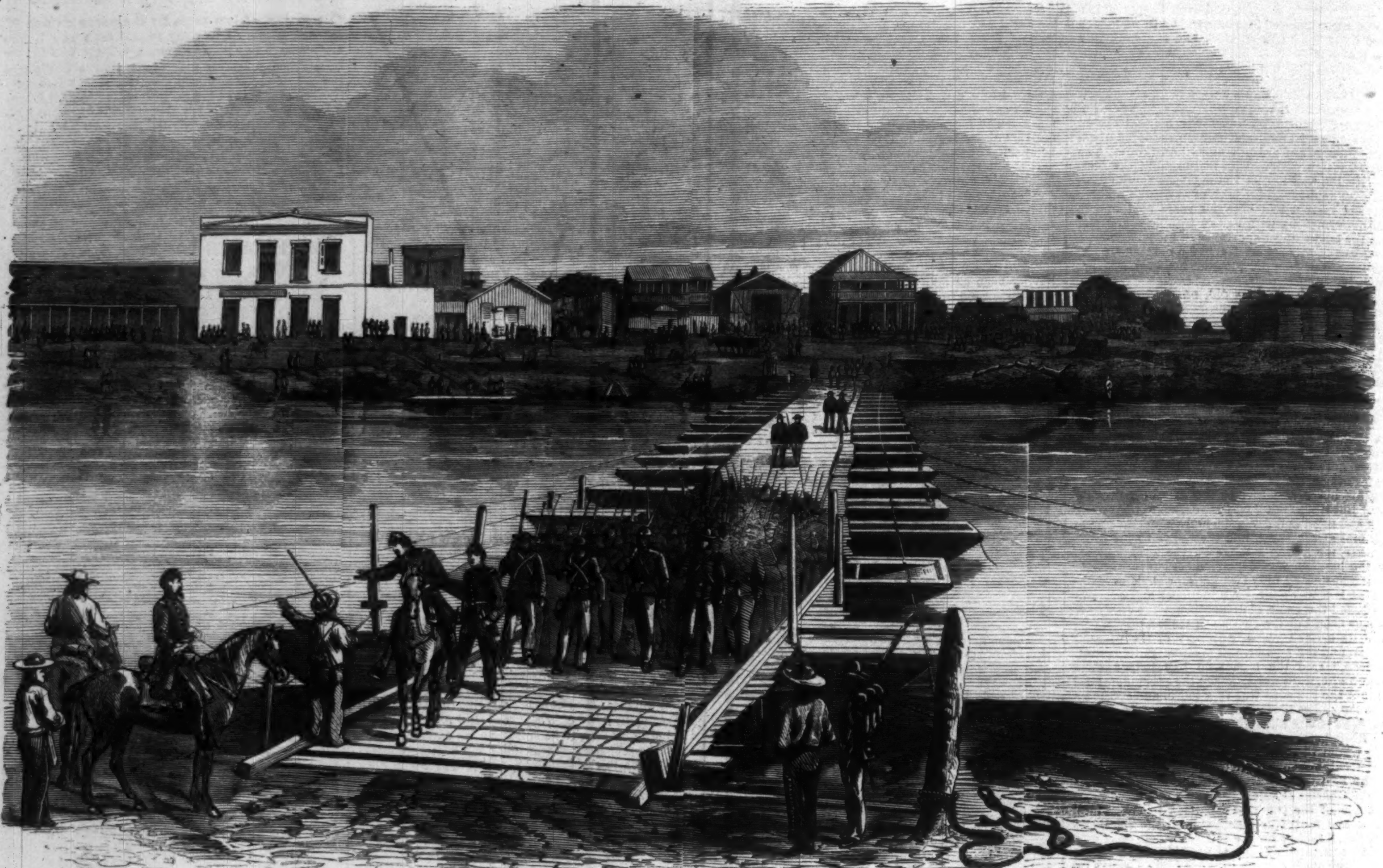
Then, with the black-at-the-border jacket;
And this—and this—she will not lack it;
Skirts! Why, there are skirts, of course,
And shoes and stockings we shall enforce,
With a proper bodice, in the proper place
(Stays which lace have had their days
And made their martyrs); likewise garters,
All entire. But our desire
Is to show you her night attire,
At least a part of it. Pray admire
This sweet white thing that she goes to bed in!
It's not the one that's made for her wedding;
That is special, a new design,
Made with a charm and a countersign.
Bless the doll, you may press the doll,
But do not crumple or mess the doll.
This is the way we dress the doll.

"Where is the East?" inquired a tutor, one day, of a very little pupil. "Where the morning comes from," was the prompt and pleasant answer.

Why are railroad companies like laundresses?—Because they have ironed the whole country and sometimes do a little mangling.

A PHOTOGRAPHER'S EPITAPH.—"Taken from life."

A wag inquired of the fashionable wearer of a "monitor," if he was a judge of horse-flesh? if he was fond of horse-racing? and if he was going to bet at the coming races? The surprised-fashionable replied in the negative to all the questions, and asked his interrogator what in the world he meant by putting such questions to him? "Oh, nothing special," was the response. "I only thought that if you were posted about racing matters, and a good judge of horse-flesh, I would like to ask you how long it would take Flora Temple to run around the brim of that hat of yours—that's all!"



PONTOON BRIDGE ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE—DETACHMENT OF UNITED STATES TROOPS CROSSING TO MEXICO.
[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. S. SMITH, BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS.]

CROSSING INTO MEXICO.

IN our news column last week we gave a detailed account of General SEDGWICK'S interference with the affairs of Matamoras. We illustrate on this page the passage of his command over the Rio Grande from Brownsville into Mexican territory. His interference was only temporary. It had the effect of defeating ESCOBEDO'S attack on Matamoras, and perhaps helped on the reconciliation between ESCOBEDO and CANALES. After ESCOBEDO'S defeat SEDGWICK recrossed the Rio Grande, and that was the end of the affair. General SEDGWICK'S occupation of the city was a mere matter of form. ESCOBEDO, who now commands Matamoras, is on the most friendly terms with our Government.

BURNING OF THE "NEW IRONSIDES," AT LEAGUE ISLAND, ON THE DELAWARE RIVER.—SKETCHED BY E. W. KOEHL.—[SEE PAGE 5.]

J. CLARKE SWAYZE.

HOW UNION MEN ARE TREATED IN THE SOUTH.

MACON, GEORGIA, *December* 12, 1866.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

The people in this section have been much exercised the past few days, in consequence of the arrest, by United States Deputy-Marshal BUNUEL, of six prominent rebels at Griffin, Georgia, a small city sixty miles above here, for threatening to hang, and ordering Captain J. CLARKE SWAYZE to leave the place in forty-eight hours. The parties implicated are all rebels of, what is known here as, *respectability*, and hence the astonishment among their friends, that *they*—high-toned Southern gentlemen—should be so unceremoniously gobbled up by a United States officer, and taken from their own "loyal" courts to one less liable to be bought.

The facts in the case are these: Captain SWAYZE was a Union man before and during the war, and evaded service in the rebel army by exemption under one of the exempted classes, by Confederate law, as a printer. He was, however, seized by a mob in 1863, and ridden through the principal streets on a rail, with very severe threats of tar and feathers, and hanging; but his friends interceded and he got away. Shortly afterward he was forcibly arrested by the military, and imprisoned in Atlanta, Griffin, Macon, and Richmond; at the two last-named places he was shamefully treated for his refusal to take an oath to support the Confederate States. He was balled and chained at Macon, and forced to "mark time" on the head of a barrel, face to the street, with a placard hung upon his breast, on which was written "Traitor!" At Richmond he reveled in the luxuries of Castle Thunder nearly a month, getting for his daily food a small piece of cold, and often sour, corn-bread and water. He still held out firmly, as an outspoken friend of the old flag, until preparations were making for the campaign of 1864, when he was taken to the front, and there, with others of his own sentiments, made living breast-work to shield cowardly traitors. He miraculously escaped harm in the fight from the "Wilderness" to Petersburg. At the latter place he was very dangerously wounded by a shell—a circumstance which was probably the means of affording him the opportunity for escape. He went into the Federal army then, under Generals THOMAS and SHERMAN, and, under the direction of General PARKHURST, became a noted scout and spy. At the close of the war he returned to his home and family in Griffin, and was received kindly, even by his old enemies. He took all kindly by the hand, forgot and forgave all.

In due time he was appointed by General TILLSON Bureau Agent for his county, and he entered upon the duties of his office with some distrust, but determined to keep *right* on his side, for the effects of "My Policy" were now developing. A large mass meeting was at last held by the unterrified, who did not like Captain SWAYZE's plain style of

J. CLARKE SWAYZE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY RIDDLE, MACON, GEORGIA.]

giving the negro as much justice as the white, "for the purpose of devising means to remove him from his office." The means devised were eighteen affidavits charging him with malfeasance, etc., etc. The General investigated the matter, and pronounced the charges false; but advised Captain SWAYZE to resign for the sake of peace and harmony. He did so, as the following extract from Special Orders, No. 140, will show:

"At his own request J. CLARKE SWAYZE, Esq., is relieved from duty as Agent of this Bureau for Spalding County.

"The Assistant Commissioner takes this opportunity to thank Mr. SWAYZE for the faithful and efficient manner in which he has discharged the delicate and arduous duties of his office.

"DAVIS TILLSON,
"Battalion Major-General and Assistant Commissioner."

Captain SWAYZE then interested himself in behalf of the freed people, as their agent, to procure better homes for them another year—many of them coming out this year in debt—and thought, for once at least, he would be doing the bidding of his rebel friends, as the expression was general among them that the "damned Yankees had freed the niggers, now they should come and take them away." But, true to their pettish, peevish, contrary, headstrong, spoiled-child way, as soon as they began to realize the fact that the Yankees of the Western country did really want them, and were willing to give them double the wages they were getting here, they interposed their objections, and not only insulted, but abused and threatened all who attempted to hire freed people to go out of the State.

Captain SWAYZE, knowing the righteousness of his cause, persisted in disseminating information among the freed people, telling them of their rights and the advantages of a home in the Western country, until Saturday, December 1, Colonel A. D. NUNNALLY, Captain C. S. STARK, Lieutenant L. G. BLOODWORTH, Lieutenant THOMAS NALL, Lieutenant C. S. WRIGHT, and W. S. BROWN, late of the rebel army, waited upon Mr. SWAYZE at his office, and ordered him, upon the authority of the citizens of Griffin, to leave within forty-eight hours. Mr. SWAYZE informed them that he would not, whereupon they proposed to hang him immediately, and probably would have accomplished their mission had it not been for a friend of Mr. SWAYZE's, who happened to come in, when they retired, enjoining upon him the necessity of his leaving if he wished to escape hanging.

Mr. SWAYZE left for Savannah, where he felt he had a friend and a protector in General TILLSON, who, after hearing the statement, took the most vigorous steps in the matter. Having had difficulties of this kind before, without the necessary proof, the General declared his intention of making this case a test of the practicability of the Civil Rights bill. He therefore laid the case before Commissioner STONE, of Savannah, who issued a warrant, and on Friday morning, between two and six o'clock, the parties were surprised, arrested, and the next night sent off for Fort Pulaski, where they are now awaiting their trial.

Thus, you see, by this little episode, the rebellion is not crushed yet. It also shows to a slight degree the disposition of the people toward those who are loyal to the United States Government. They have been feeling pretty independent here, up to this time, under the workings of the JOHNSON Administration, and have boasted in their prints that though the Civil Rights bill did pass and become a law of Congress, it was a nonentity in this State for the reason that it could not be executed.

Recent occurrences have proved, however, that there is a source through which Union men can se-

HOLIDAY SPORTS—TURKEY SHOOTING.

cure justice, and have consequently made some of the knowing rebels stare. So long as a Union man or freedman depends upon their State courts here just so long can rebels, with impunity, laugh at any effort he may make. May we not hope for the overthrow of these infamous Southern State governments? And let such governments be given us as will protect *loyal* men as well as rebels.

JUSTICE.

APART.

THE dear eyes I love, to-day
Shine three thousand miles away,
And the voice I long to hear
Speaks to some indifferent ear;
Neither years nor miles shall part
Those who hold each other's heart—
Neither Hope nor Time restore
Love that's gone for evermore.

Love of mine across the sea
Thy sweet eyes shine not for me,
Though one slow revolving year
Brings thy gracious presence near;
Though when summer comes once more
Thy feet touch this happy shore,
Winter snow and summer sun
Find and leave me here alone.

Yet this hour of twilight brings
Memories of all precious things;
Though my sun no more may rise
Golden are my sunset skies;
Let me sit and dream a while
Of her far-off glance and smile,
Wondering, if we met to-day,
What the lovely eyes would say.

Are they fixed, with earnest look,
On some grave and serious book?
Does their solemn splendor show
Depths of silent thought below?
Do they rule with radiant glance
In the mazy, circling dance?
Flash with sudden scorn, and then
Soften into mirth again?

Do they gaze with smile serene
On some fair and foreign scene,
Where the lovely landscape lies
Under blue Italian skies?
Are they closed in quiet sleep?
Do they wake, to watch and weep?
Do they look across the sea
With one thought for home and me?

Do they dream with softened ray
Of bright hours long passed away?
Do sweet thoughts of coming years
Fill them full of blessed tears?
Does their tender twilight shine
Into happier eyes than mine?
One who sits here—in the snow—
Prays, dear heart, it may be so!

HUGO AND DICKENS.

VICTOR HUGO and CHARLES DICKENS represent two grand realms in literature; the one is king of modern French fiction, the other, of English.

Victor Hugo dwells at Hauteville House; one among the many quaint and weather-beaten houses of the capital of Guernsey—houses with gables and overhanging stories, that lie piled one above another. Banished from France after the *coup d'état* in 1851, he has lived, since 1854, in this rugged island-home, fixed in sight of the coast of Normandy, and prisoned by the restless waves of the English Channel; and from this place—romantic by nature—Victor Hugo, buried in his luxurious home, has sent forth all his later works.

Charles Dickens lives at Gadshill, about twenty-four miles—and a very pleasant ride by railroad—from the city of London. In front of his house lies a lawn stretching to the road. A large garden is on the other side of the road, which may be reached by a subterranean passage under the road. The house is plainly built, and kept in the most perfect order. It is not more than two stories high. As you enter there is a small drawing-room on the right containing Mr. Dickens's library; next is Mr. Dickens's study, which is very plainly furnished, and has no ornament except two or three bronzes. The windows open on a sort of garden surrounding the house, and, as the house stands on a high piece of ground, an extensive view of the neighboring country may be enjoyed from them. On the left is a large drawing-room, filled with every thing to make one comfortable, and decorated with great luxury, but with no attempt at show. Perfect taste reigns over every thing. The drawing-room opens into the dining-room; under the dining-room is the kitchen. Above these rooms are the bedchambers, which are irregularly distributed, but they are exceedingly comfortable and profusely furnished.

Victor Hugo is about sixty-five years old. His hair is gray, or, rather, grizzled; but his head and his heart are as young as ever. Sea air, habits of exercise, and well-ordered methods of work have maintained the freshness of his nature and the vigor of his mind unimpaired.

Charles Dickens appears about fifty; is of average height, good shape, straight as an arrow, and has the energetic look and decisive air of a military officer, which are heightened by his clear and abrupt way of speaking.

Victor Hugo usually sleeps in a little room, upon an ordinary couch, which is also used as a seat. He rises at five and betakes himself to his working-room, which looks more like a photographer's studio than a study. It contains a few chairs and a little stove, a number of books strewn here and there, a desk for working, which he has himself built up with a stool or two and a pile of folios, and this is all. But the room has one advantage—a magnificent look-out upon the sea and sky. He writes on large sheets of blue paper with a quill, and stands at his strange desk. He alters and corrects repeatedly; he polishes and erases, erases and polishes, until the lines grow to very hills of ink, capped with the long-sought word. He deliberates long upon his words before he writes them down, and reconsiders them when written. "He makes the pen and paper creak," said one of his contemporaries. Not seldom his copy bears little sketches of his creations—formless contours that attest the inward struggles and strivings of his imagination. He lets his scored and scattered sheets dry round about him. After the day's work he puts away what he has written, and, as a general rule, preserves the strictest silence concerning it until the completion of the whole. He receives no visitors when he is occupied with a fiction or poem; he works alone, with no other witnesses than the sea and the sky.

Charles Dickens's favorite time for working is likewise in the morning. He rises very early and sets to work at once. He lightly breakfasts at about half past nine, and continues to work until twelve o'clock. At this hour he lunches. After lunch he goes out into the fields, and does not return home until half past six o'clock. He walks every day some eight or ten miles. He walks rapidly. His writing is fine and regular. He is extremely hospitable, is fond of receiving company informally and intimately every day of the week, and especially Sunday. Of a happy and kindly nature, his eminently sympathetic influence is a charm which affects every one brought into contact with him.

Victor Hugo is a true poet, the greatest of modern French poets. It has been well said of him that "he has preserved the dignity of his calling without derogation. His career has been stormy, or, more properly speaking, noisy; but he has moved amidst the plaudits and the hisses, the shouts and the jeers, with calm and resolute self-respect, compelling by his earnestness and ability the homage of even those whom he most offended by his assaults on their prejudices and opinions. Applause has never seduced him into a prodigal waste of his power. He has not traded on his reputation. He has written abundantly, but never carelessly. On these grounds, if on only these, criticism, when most unsparing, will recognize the value of his works. He offends in many ways, but his genius condones offense.

Charles Dickens, however great his popularity, has too vigorously attacked hypocrites, pseudo-Christians, and humbug philanthropists to be free from enemies. He gives them no thought, and none the less continues his crusade against abuses. In England, where old abuses are difficult to uproot, and where custom acquires the force of law, the greatest talents and energy are required to overthrow a defective institution by attacking it openly. Dickens has never assumed the airs of a reformer, either in his conversation or writings; nevertheless few men have exercised so much influence as himself on the national mind. The reforms which are just beginning to be introduced into the incredible intricacy of English pleadings and legal practice were prepared, so to say, furtively, several years ago in his works by calling public attention, and by stigmatizing the rapacity of pettifogers. His raillery has none of the brutality of English sarcasm, neither does it consist of a mere cutting word or a biting phrase, but it is felt every where in the aggregate of the events and persons he groups and makes act against the enemy whom he attacks.

A DANGEROUS STRIKE.

THE *Journal Amusant* makes mention of a contemplated dangerous strike among marriageable men, who having consolidated themselves in Paris, are daily gaining adherents, and have already published the following resolution: In consideration of the daily increasing circumference of ladies' dresses and the expense of under-clothes, of the steady upward tendency of the price of butter, vegetables, and meat, as well as of house rent, schooling, and all the necessities of life, we single men have met together and declare that we will not marry without a dowry of two hundred thousand francs. Nor is this all. A healthy father or mother-in-law capable of producing a new brother or sister would be an insuperable objection to any such marriage. It is desirable that the lady's father should be thick-set, with a short neck and strong predisposition to apoplexy; that his business be lucrative, and never interrupted except for the purpose of undertaking dangerous hunts or excursions over mountains and rocks or upon the water. Rich childless uncles would add much to the fair one's attractions, especially if, in times of war, he be an ambitious officer in either service—by land or sea.—In Marseilles six thousand young men have already turned the jest into earnest, and announced their determination not to enter into the holy state of matrimony until the fair sex give up the gewgaws of Fashion and return to the primitive simplicity of good old times.

THE EFFECT OF HASHISH UPON EUROPEANS.

IT is well known that the Orientals are able to create in imagination all the joys of Paradise by means of hashish, an opiate which is prepared from hemp. Several Frenchmen who were traveling in the East, among them the Abbé Michan and Delessert, desiring to prove its vaunted qualities, took each a portion the size of a hazel-nut, which is sufficient to wrap the senses of an ordinary hashish eater in Elysium.

The first began to talk eagerly to the various pieces of furniture which he imagined to be living beings, and mistaking the paunch of his corpulent servant for a kettle-drum, as he was handing him some lemonade, he fell to beating him so zealously with his fists that the latter was forced to take to his heels.

To another all his associates swelled out to the proportions of giants, the room became illimitably spacious, and the minutes lengthened out so inordinately in time that he fancied he must consume twenty years in passing into the next room, a distance of twenty steps, and that it would take as long to listen to one short sentence. In addition to this he thought he was a fool whom the giants were mocking at in the most malicious manner. This condition lasted thirty-two hours.

A third insisted that he was rooted to the earth as a gigantic ball, but the majority exhibited nothing more than a disgustingly stupid state of intoxication.

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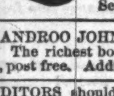

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WARRANT ALL JEWELRY GOLD, OR NO SALE.

Let it be distinctly understood that this is emphatically a GOLD SALE, by an association of manufacturers, on a one-price average system, and that not a single article of brass or plated jewelry is included in the whole immense stock.

Pianos, Gold and Silver Watches, Diamond Rings, Sets of Rich Silverware, Fine Gold Jewelry, Photograph Albums, &c., &c.,

All to be sold for two dollars each, an average price of one-fifth the usual cost, and not to be paid for until you know what you will receive,

INSURING TEN DOLLARS WORTH FOR $2.

☞ THE PROOF—We guarantee to send any customer, in exchange for the least article they may get for $2, *a splendid richly-chased or engraved silver Butter-Dish or Castor, fine plate, valued at $10, or a beautiful 50-picture Morocco Photograph Album, valued at $6*; and you have a possibility of getting a

Fine Gold Watch or Piano.

Send 25 cents for the Golden Envelope, containing valuable receipts and songs; and one of the sealed Certificates, which are well mixed and taken out regardless of choice, will be sent, which will inform you what you can get for $2, from a Butter-Dish or Castor, worth $10, to a Watch or Grand Piano, worth $1000.

2 for 50 cents, with a beautiful Photograph.
5 for $1 00, with a Silver Nut Pick, worth.......$1 00
11 for $2 00, with a Silver Napkin Ring, worth.. 2 00
17 for $3 00, with a Silver Fruit Knife, worth.... 3 00
30 for $5 00, with a Gold Pen, Ext. Case, worth.. 6 00
65 for $10 00, with a Gold Double Locket, worth 12 00
100 for $15 00, with a Fine Silver Watch, worth. 18 00
200 for $30 00, with a Silver Hunt. Watch, worth 40 00

In all cases, upon receipt of money, the premiums as above will be sent with the envelopes. Also will be sent our circular, containing list of articles and full particulars; also terms to Agents, to whom great inducements are offered. Address

CALKINS & CO., 126 Nassau St., N. Y.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

With the COTTAGE PRESS and the printing material accompanying it, every man can do his own printing neatly, quickly, and cheaply. They are so simple in construction, that a boy ten years old can easily manage the largest size. Printed instructions are sent with each office, enabling the purchaser to go at work without a previous knowledge of printing. A circular, containing a full description, prices, testimonials, &c., sent free to all. Our specimen sheets of type, cuts, &c., ten cents.

ADAMS PRESS CO., 26 Ann St., NEW YORK.

YOUR WIFE will thank you for THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, with its suggestions for training children. Only $2 a year by post. Address FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

CANVASSERS WANTED

TO SELL THE IMPROVED FOLDING

Pocket Lantern

Very light, strong, and durable: can be folded and carried in the pocket or traveling-bag with safety and convenience, occupying the space of a cigar-case, and are opened and closed as readily. They contain (whether open or closed) matches and extra candles, and, being always ready for use, are most appreciated in the greatest emergencies.

PRICES: No. 1, including two candles, $1 each; No. 3, including three candles, 75 cents each; No. 1 pure sperm candles, $1 per lb. (20 to the lb.); No. 3 pure sperm candles, $1 25 per lb. (90 to the lb.).

Liberal Discount to Dealers and Canvassers.

Send for Samples.

JULIUS IVES & CO., Sole Agents, 49 Maiden Lane, N. Y., Proprietors and Manufacturers of Ives's Patent Lamps, and Dealers in Kerosene Goods generally.

RALLY BOYS, RALLY! Adopted as the marching Song of the Grand Army of the Republic. Words by Henry Hitchcock and music by E. T. Blackmer, members of the Grand Army, with fine lithographic portrait of Maj.-Gen. R. S. Foster, to whom it is dedicated.

"It is full of spirit, and destined to become immensely popular."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Mailed free of postage on receipt of 40 cents. A liberal discount to Lodges. Address the publishers,

J. A. BUTTERFIELD & CO., Indianapolis, Indiana.

YOUR DAUGHTER would thank you for THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, with its instructions on health and beauty. Only $2 a year.

PROTEAN CARDS; or, The Box of One Hundred Games. Suitable to all ages. A list of some of the games that may be played with the cards: Romans, Points, Gipsy Counterplot, Cross Purposes, School Ma'am, Auction, Matrimony, Speculation, Puzzle, Lote, Old Maid, Painters and Authors, and a host of others, all played with the Protean Cards, and fully described in the book of directions. Price $1 25 per box. Sent free by mail on remitting price. JOHN H. TINGLEY, Publisher of Games, No. 152½ Fulton St., New York.

New Music Book for Grammar Schools.

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL CHORUS, containing Wilhem's Method of Teaching Vocal Music, adapted to Schools by JOHN HULLAH; also, selections for Devotional Exercises, Exhibitions, and Festival Occasions. Adapted and arranged in One, Two, and Three Parts, by J. B. SHARLAND, Teacher of Music in the Boston Grammar Schools. $1 00. Sent postpaid. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

MERCHANTS should read the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, to learn how to select trusty clerks for places of trust. $2 a year. FOWLER & WELLS.

A SPLENDID HOLIDAY PRESENT to your wife, daughter, or friend, is a year's subscription to the Model Parlor Magazine, DEMOREST'S MONTHLY. The January Number has a brilliant array of useful, artistic, and beautiful novelties and entertaining literature. Yearly, $3, with a beautiful premium: Single copies, 30 cents, mailed free. Published at 473 Broadway, New York.

The GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.

ALWAYS A WHOLESALE ESTABLISHMENT.

We have many inquiries (10 to 20 letters a day) asking what discount we make to the Trade from our prices as published in the Price List. These are our *lowest wholesale prices.* We consider ourselves only a Wholesale Corporation, and we have but *one price.*

The way in which we came to break packages at all was, that during the high prices of Teas we furnished parties with packages as small as five pounds. Our fame spread far and wide; and parties with small means thought it very hard to be compelled to pay, elsewhere, about a *dollar* per pound more than we were selling the same goods for, simply because they could not afford to buy five pounds of us at one time. Therefore, in order to lighten these burdens, we consented to supply their wants in quantities as small as one pound at the wholesale prices.

Parties of small means wishing for goods to sell can have their orders put up in small packages to suit their trade, but we can not make any reduction in price, as our profits for the last six years have not averaged more than *two cents per pound.*

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℔ lb.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.

GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50.

EVIDENCE AFTER A YEAR'S TRIAL.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, FOURTH AUDITOR'S OFFICE, *December* 1, 1866.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York:

Inclosed herewith I send you our regular list for December. It is now twelve months since we began the use of your Teas and Coffees, and I am pleased in being able to say that the satisfaction derived from the use of said articles by the members of this Club, instead of being confined to individual instances, is universal, and I think I may safely say without exception. Thanking you for the many favors received at your hands, I am, Sirs, very respectfully, your obedient Servant, L. LASS CARPENTER.

WILLIAM PENN WORKS, NEAR SHENANDOAH CITY, SCHUYLKILL CO., PA., *Dec.* 3, 1866.

GENTS: We received our orders of Tea and Coffee all right; and each package put up so nice as to give us but little trouble. They have given great satisfaction both as regards weight and quality; and so cheap that we have saved 56¼ cents per lb., beside getting a better quality; and we are all satisfied that they are as good—both Tea and Coffee—as your advertisement represented them to be.

I remain, yours, THOMAS ROGERS.

XENIA, DALLAS CO., IOWA, *Nov.* 8, 1866.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY: SIRS,—The order that I sent to your house the fore part of the Summer gave universal satisfaction, and all of the Club have been trying for some time to get me to make up another. The complimentary package which I received was the best Tea I have drank in Iowa. Please fill the following order, and express to me at Boonsborough, Iowa. ZERAH E. COTTRELL.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., *Dec.* 7, 1866.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York: GENTS,—Yours of the 1st inst. is before me, and I would state that the Tea has been received, and gave entire satisfaction. The money has been forwarded per Adams Express. You may expect another order. Respectfully, &c.,

WILLIS G. OVERSTREET.

BERNARDSTON, FRANKLIN CO., MASS., *Dec.* 3, 1866.

TO THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York: GENTLEMEN,—The Tea that I ordered from you gives general satisfaction, and I this day mail you another club order, No. 3, for Tea and Coffee, amounting to $39 10, which you will please fill and send to my address, by express. Please accept my thanks for the complimentary package. Respectfully yours, E. D. RICHARDSON.

ST. PETER, MINN., *Nov.* 26, 1866.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY: It is but one month since I commenced getting up a club for Tea, and this is my third order, and amounts to nearly $200. All are well satisfied, and say that the tea is as good as we get here at $2 50. I will send your circulars to all the different towns in my reach, and try and get the whole trade turned in the tea line so that the consumers can save these great profits. Yours, truly,

W. O. POWELL.

LOWELL, *Nov.* 20, 1866.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY: GENTS,—I herewith send second order of Merrimac Club for Tea and Coffee. In regard to first order, I would say that your promptness in answering it, and the quality of the goods sent, gave entire satisfaction, as you will see by an increase of $24 in this order, C. O. D. Respectfully yours,

S. D. GORDON, No. 159 Colburn St., Lowell, Mass.

NEW LONDON, *Nov.* 15, 1866.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY: SIRS,—I herewith send you another club. We are well suited with that which we received before, and much obliged for the complimentary package. We find that it is 50 per cent. cheaper than we can get it here, and at least 50 per cent. better. Please send me two or three blanks for clubs and circulars to go with them, as I know of some in adjoining towns who would like to get up clubs.

Yours, truly, L. M. DAY.

FRANCONIA, N. H., *Nov.* 10, 1866.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY: GENTLEMEN,—My last order for tea of 59 pounds came to hand in due time all right, and has given entire satisfaction, and, if you continue to send us as good tea as you have sent, you are sure of a permanent trade in this place. The Imperial was the best of any thing we have had in this place. Several of the club have told me it was better than the tea they had paid $2 a pound for. I send you another order for $68 65. Please forward as before by Express to Franconia, N. H., Grafton County. I thank you for the complimentary package. Address PRIEST YOUNG, Franconia, N. H.

OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RAILROAD LINE, AURORA STATION, *Nov.* 20, 1866.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY: GENTS,—Here is your sixth Club from these "diggins," making an aggregate of nearly $700. Some of the country storekeepers here say your tea is of no account, but the *people* who use it think otherwise, as is demonstrated by the increasing demand for it. We send inclosed an order for $191 65, and next month we expect to beat that. Yours, &c., E. K. LONG.

For manner of getting up Clubs, &c., see former Numbers of this Paper.

P.S.—All towns, villages, or manufactories, where a large number of men are engaged, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

Great American Tea Company,

31 and 33 VESEY STREET, CORNER OF CHURCH. Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

☞ We call special notice to the fact that *our* Vesey Street Store is at No. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street—*large double store.*

Parties looking for ourstore will please bear in mind that ours is a *large double store, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street.* This is an important fact to be remembered, as there are many other Tea Stores in Vesey Street.

Holiday Presents.

ARRANDALE & CO., 162 BROADWAY, N. Y., are offering over $1,000,000 worth of DRY GOODS in Dresses, Pants, and Coat Patterns, Balmoral Skirts, Furs, Robes, &c., together with a large assortment of WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, and FANCY GOODS, at a uniform price of ONE DOLLAR each, with very liberal terms to agents.

Send 25 cts. for a certificate, or $1 for 5, which will show you what can be obtained for ONE DOLLAR; and if desired we will send our terms to agents.

New York, *October*, 1866.

YOUR SON would be greatly benefited by reading the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. He would learn how to make the most of himself. $2 a year. Try it. FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

WANTED—AGENTS, $250 a month, Male and Female, to sell the GENUINE COMMON-SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. Price only $20. Every machine warranted 5 years. For particulars address H. H. REGISTER & CO., 68 Broadway, room No. 3.

AGENTS WANTED

To sell Brown's Glass Cleaning Polish. Sells every where, city and country. Large profits to Agents. Particulars sent free. C. M. BROWN, 74 Bleecker St., N. Y.

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELRY, PENS, BRACELETS, CASTORS, GOBLETS, SPOONS, FORKS, NAPKIN RINGS, &c., &c.,

Worth $500,000!

To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1, and at the same time get our Circular containing full list and particulars, also terms to Agents, which we want in every town and county. J. H. WINSLOW & CO., 208 Broadway, New York.

YOUR "SWEETHEART" would thank you for the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. In it she would find the means by which to judge your character correctly. $2 a year. FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

GROVER & BAKER'S

HIGHEST PREMIUM

Sewing Machines,

495 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

NEW SEWING MACHINES.

THE AMERICAN ELASTIC-STITCH SEWING MACHINE, very latest improvement, patented Aug., 1866. Price each, Class 1, for *Family* use, with fixtures, &c., all complete, $15. Will do *fine* or *coarse stitching* on ALL KINDS of materials from *Cambric* to the THICKEST WINTER OVERCOAT OR LEATHER. Sews *rapid, firm,* and *beautiful; perfectly* reliable. Simple in its movements and EASY TO UNDERSTAND. Is the VERY BEST machine for FAMILY USE. *Samples* of goods sewed and returned by mail *for examination* on receipt of postage. Machines *selected with care,* adjusted for *special work,* and forwarded, securely packed in substantial wooden boxes, per express, to any part of the country ON RECEIPT OF PRICE. Testimonials from those using them for manufacturing and family use on view at the Salesroom. Experienced Agents wanted. Address all orders AMERICAN SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, 920 Broadway, New York.

[*From Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.*]

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

It was early in the spring of 1855 that this Compound was originated. A member of my family was afflicted with an irritation of the throat, attended with a disagreeable cough. I had for some months previous thought that a preparation having for its basis the inside bark of white pine might be so compounded as to be very useful in the case of the throat and lungs. To test the value of it in the diseases alluded to, I compounded a small quantity of the Medicine I had been planning, and gave it in teaspoonful doses. The result was exceedingly gratifying. Within two days the irritation of the throat was removed, the cough subsided, and a speedy cure was effected. Soon after this I sent some to a lady in Londonderry, N. H., who had been suffering for some weeks with a bad cough, occasioned by a sudden cold, and had raised mucus streaked with blood. She soon found relief, and sent for more. She took about ten ounces of it, and got well. In November, 1855, I first advertised it under the name of WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

"As a remedy for kidney complaints the White Pine Compound stands unrivaled."—*Boston Journal.*

This great New England Remedy is now offered to the afflicted, having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become so well known. It cures sore throat, coughs, diphtheria, bronchitis, spitting of blood, and pulmonary affections generally. It is a remedy for diabetes, bleeding from the kidneys and bladder, and gravel; and for piles and scurvy it will be found valuable.

Sold by druggists and dealers in medicine generally.

GEO. W. SWETT, M.D., Proprietor, Boston, Mass.

H. SCOVILLE, Chicago, Ill.,
FARRAND, SHELEY & CO., Detroit, Mich.,
General Agents for the West.

BURNHAMS & VAN SCHAAK, Chicago, Illinois, General Agents for the Northwest.

SCHOOL-TEACHERS should read the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, and learn to classify and teach their students according to temperaments and capacity. $2 a year. FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

It Concerns all Parents

To know the reason why the accustomed freshness of their children is giving way to a pale or sallow skin, sunken eyes, and a general emaciation. Why does the patient pick the nose; complain of a gnawing sensation in the abdomen; why suffer now with a craving appetite, and now utterly detest the sight of food? Why is the abdomen hard and swollen, the breath offensive, the tongue furred, and the taste disagreeable? These are a few of the symptoms consequent upon the interruptions offered to the natural actions of the bowels by the presence of worms. But much more serious mischief may result if they are not speedily expelled. We may mention, general convulsions, confirmed melancholy, palpitation, insanity, and even death itself. The indications presented for treatment are two-fold: FIRST, to expel the worms from the bowels; and, SECOND, to prevent their reproduction. In no department of medical science has there been such diversity of opinion among its adherents, or such varied modes of treatment to fulfill the indications. Partial success has attended the administration of some preparations; but it has been reserved for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE to be offered to the world as a CERTAINLY RELIABLE, EFFICACIOUS, and SAFE SPECIFIC. Members of the medical profession in most honorable standing acknowledge its merits and prescribe it in their practice. IT IS THE MOST EFFICIENT VERMIFUGE KNOWN.

☞ Purchasers will be careful to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, manufactured by FLEMING BROTHERS, of PITTSBURG, Pa. Dr. McLane's genuine Vermifuge, also his celebrated Liver Pills, can now be had at all respectable drug stores. NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THE SIGNATURE OF

[2] FLEMING BROS.

CLERGYMEN would find much interesting matter in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL to be found nowhere else. Reader, present your Pastor with a copy for 1867. It is only $2 a year.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY, 1867.

Terms for 1867.

One Copy for One Year $4 00

An Extra Copy gratis for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $8 00.

Circulation 112,000.

The Publishers will accept a limited Number of first-class Advertisements for their Magazine, at the following low rates:

One Page $250 00
Half Page 125 00
Quarter Page 70 00

Or $1 50 per line for a less space. Average, eight words to a line.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation nearly 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Terms for 1867:

One Copy for One Year $4 00
One Copy for Three Months . . . 1 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*

THE BOUND VOLUMES OF HARPER'S WEEKLY from the commencement will be sent to any part of the United States, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

Cloth Binding . . . . . $7 00 per Volume
Half Morocco . . . . . 10 00 "

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.